

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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Do you go by technical points?

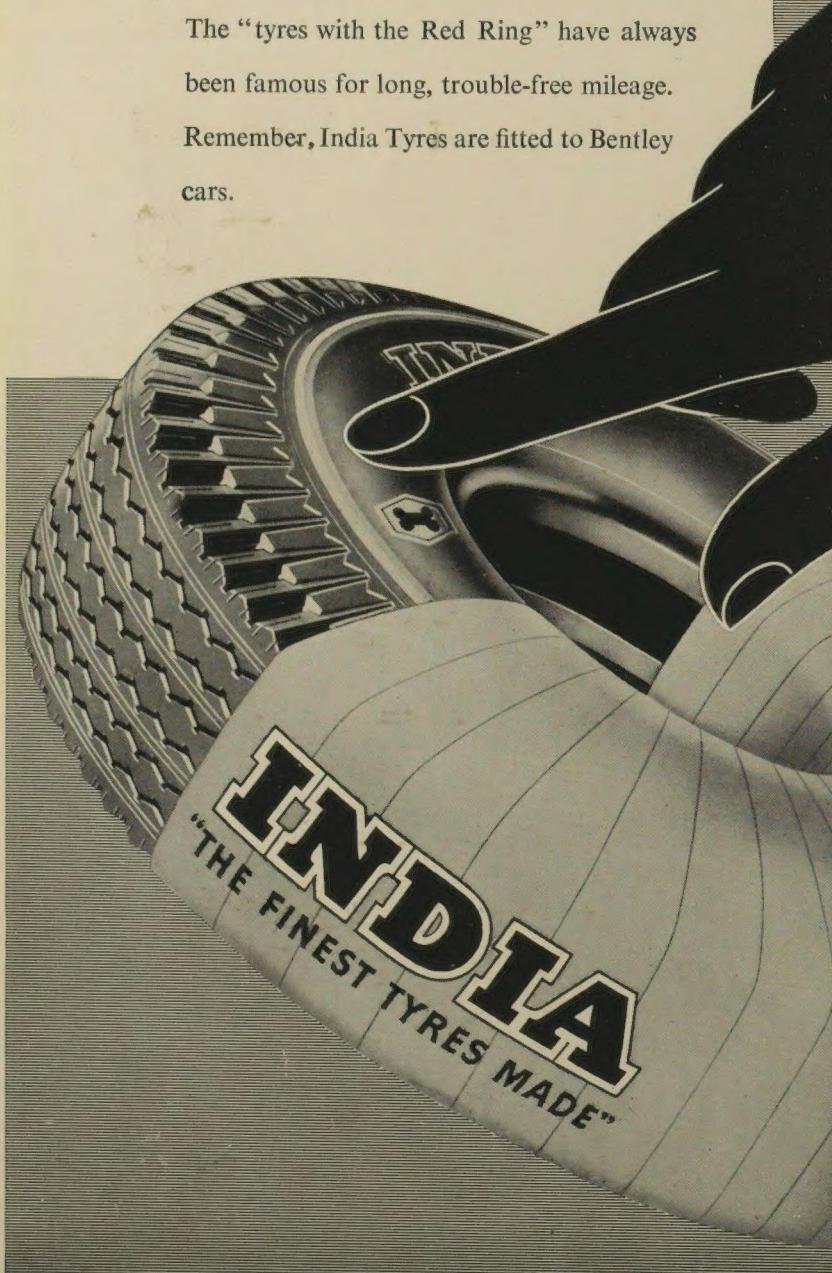
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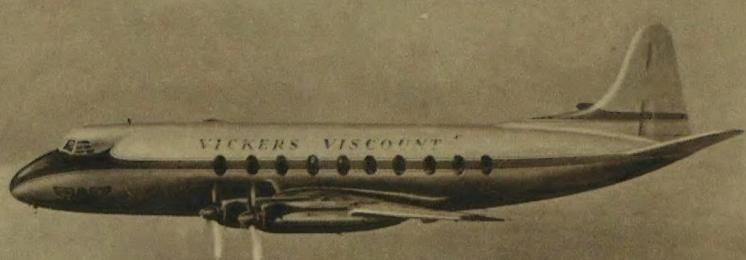
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"SAPPHIRE" now in such great
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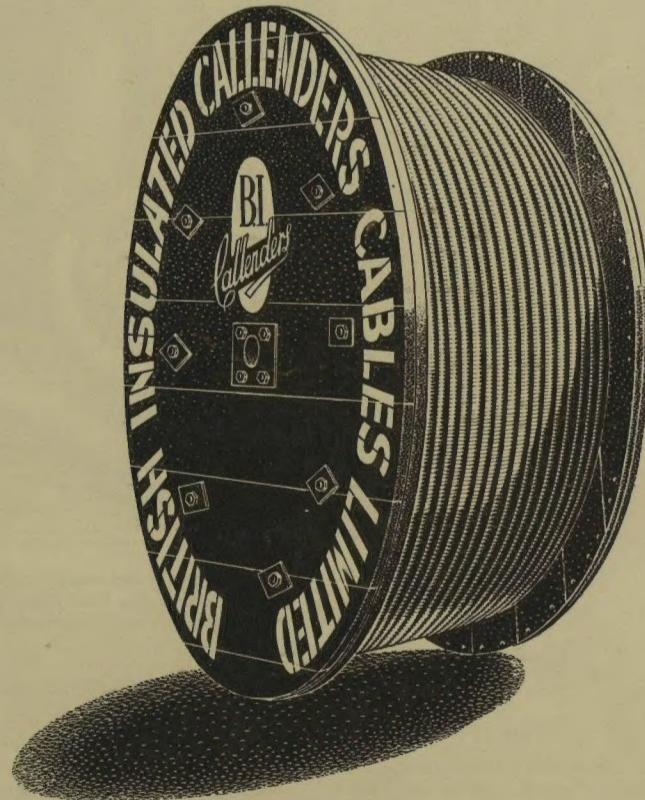


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The Professor of Milan*

THE Professor went swimming off Capri and he swam wearing his wrist-watch. It was waterproof—perfectly safe to swim with.

But then—calamity! The strap buckle was loose, and it came undone. Vainly the professor tried to save his watch; sadly he saw it twinkle and disappear into the green depths of the sea. And he returned to shore convinced that his watch was gone for ever.

But back on shore, he remembered the divers. They were working on sunken ships close to where he had been swimming. He asked them to keep an eye open for his watch.

The next time they dived, a week later, they remembered that request, and looked around for the watch. And—yes, they found it, and brought it gingerly to the surface.

And when on dry land they examined it, they gazed at it in stupefaction. For the watch that had lain on the sea bed a whole week was still keeping perfect time.

Incredible? Not at all. The watch was a Rolex Oyster Perpetual. The waterproof Oyster case had protected the movement from salt water and the clinging, insidious sand, and the Rolex Perpetual self-winding mechanism had kept it wound. The Rolex Rotor, the secret of the success of the Perpetual, does not work on the "jerk" principle. A complete semi-circle of metal, rotating on its axis, it turns and spins at the slightest movement. And in this case, it was the gentle motion of the sea that actuated it!

Well that's what happened to one particular Rolex watch. And the Professor got his watch back unharmed. But now, he's careful when he goes swimming. For next time, there may be no divers to find it!

Doesn't apply to you? You're not likely to drop your watch in the Mediterranean? True—but all watches have enemies—dust, damp, dirt, perspiration—and the sort of watch that will tell the time at the bottom of the sea will hardly be affected by ordinary hazards. And remember that the Rolex Perpetual isn't self-winding just to save you the trouble of winding it up. A self-winding watch tends to be more accurate than a hand-wound watch because the tension on the mainspring is much more even, much more constant. Yes, a Rolex Perpetual is made to be accurate and stay accurate.

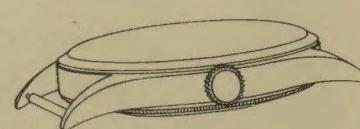
* This is a true story, taken from a letter written by the professor concerned (Professor Cutolo of Milan University) to the Rolex Watch Company. The original letter can be inspected at the offices of the Rolex Watch Company, 18 Rue du Marché, Geneva, Switzerland.



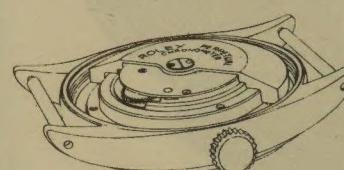
The Rolex Oyster Perpetual—truly a monarch among watches. The astonishingly accurate movement, perfectly protected by the Oyster case, is given added precision by the self-winding mechanism. The tension on the mainspring is much more even and overwinding is impossible.



eric fraser



This new, slim, hand-finished case has arrived at last—and as from now is gracing all Rolex Oyster Perpetuals.



This smooth-running, silent self-winding "rotor" keeps the Rolex Oyster Perpetual fully wound automatically.

"They found it and brought it gingerly to the surface. And when on dry land they held it in their hands they gazed at it with stupefaction."

FREE COLOUR BROCHURE OF ROLEX WATCHES

For the latest information on Rolex watches recently arrived in this country, write to the Rolex Watch Company, Limited, 1 Green Street, Mayfair, London, W.1.



ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1953.



GENERAL TEMPLER'S POLICY IN MALAYA: OPERATIONS TO ENSURE CO-OPERATION AGAINST TERRORISTS BY VILLAGES.

The strong action to ensure co-operation by villagers against terrorists in Malaya by General Sir Gerald Templer, High Commissioner for Malaya, is illustrated by our two photographs. The upper one shows the inhabitants of Broga, a Selangor village, assembled to hear officials inform them that the village gates would be closed until the defences had been repaired, and aid to terrorists stopped. The lower picture shows delegates from Sungai Pelek (left), a village of south-west Selangor, watching General Templer (centre) personally take

over questionnaires which had been distributed to villagers, asking for information about bandits known to be in the district. These had been handed out with a reminder that when the High Commissioner visited Sungai Pelek on July 17, he had warned the inhabitants that non-co-operation in information about terrorists would result in punishment; and had given them until August 17. The questionnaires, when filled in, were conveyed to Kuala Lumpur, where Sir Gerald Templer, as shown, took charge of them.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I SCARCELY know how many years it is since I spent an August Bank Holiday in London, but it must, I suspect, be over forty. Somehow, almost traditionally in my adult life, it seems to have been passed in rustic surroundings, and even in the war years, which involved so much travelling, this particular date never coincided with a visit to London. So when this year an unfinished and urgent task kept me anchored at a city desk, it was with a sense almost of unfamiliarity that I looked out on the familiar London scene. The Metropolis, I felt, must have undergone a metamorphosis. And in a sense I was right. For, so far as the few acres of paved street and leafy Park adjoining my home were concerned, these appeared to have suddenly changed their population. The familiars had all, or nearly all, gone, and the unfamiliars had come to take their place. While I had been sitting scribbling in my silent room through the week-end, and even during the night, a gigantic game of General Post had been played under my unheeding nose. Millions of Londoners had been speeding away, in trains and charabancs and buses, in motor-cars, and on motor-bicycles and sweat-bicycles, even perhaps, a few of them, on foot, though scarcely any, I suppose, on horse. They had gone to the country and the seaside, to racing tracks and cricket matches, to holiday camps and farms, to every species of amusement and variety known to restless modern man. And in their places others not normally familiar with London had poured into the Metropolis to see its, to Londoners, humdrum sights with new eyes. From suburb and village, from Northern and Midland industrial town, from many of the places, I suppose, to which the Londoners had fled, the good people of the provinces had come to town. And they had brought a new atmosphere with them.

It was an atmosphere of wonder and delight. They were looking at the town where the Queen lived, where the television announcers resided, where Big Ben struck and the lights of Piccadilly blazed and revolved, and it looked good to their eyes. They did not sing or dance to show their delight; they just, in decent English wise, gaped. They strolled or stood—or even sat—about on the pavements or the Park grass, shuffled or rested their hot feet, and tried to take it all in. Strolling among them I felt rather like the last Roman after the Goths had taken the city!

Not, perhaps, that I saw very much. Those who sit at their desks all day with their noses a few inches from the paper and with their eyes glued to a printed page miss a good deal, and when they look up they, perhaps, do not see very clearly. I only went out twice on Bank Holiday, and then only for a few minutes

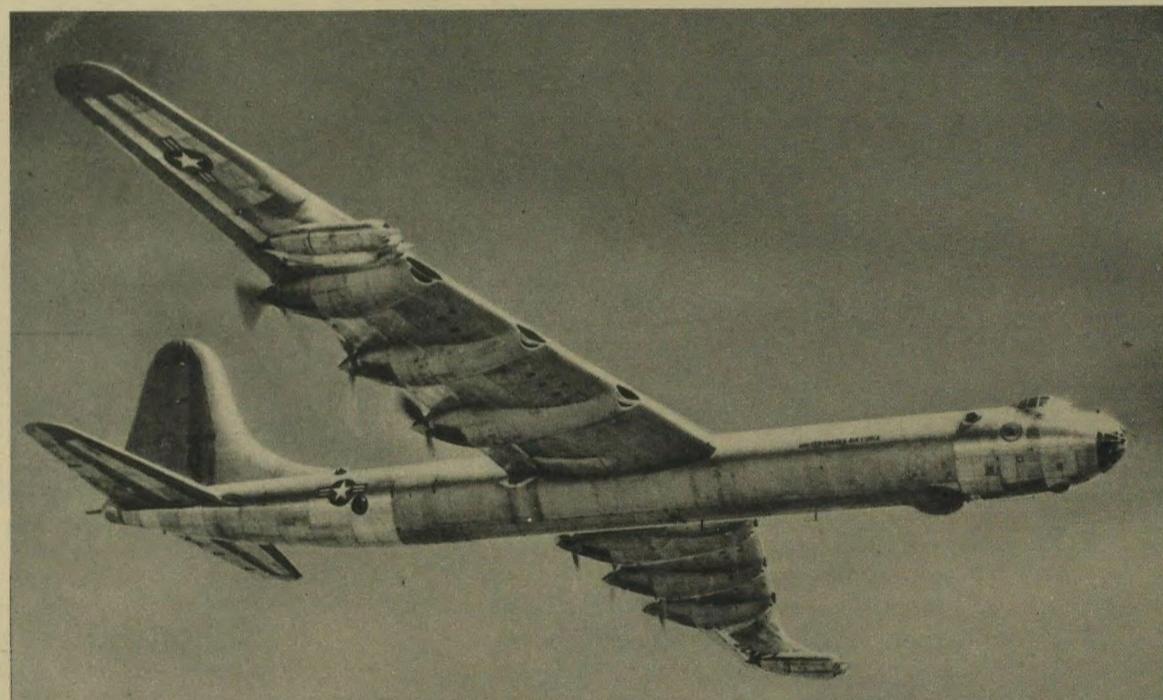
to take my poor dog for a walk. But even those few minutes were a revelation. For the London to which I was accustomed had vanished and another had taken its place. Gone were the Army cars, stacked along the pavement edge and sometimes half on the pavement, and the rather untidy-looking personnel who tend and polish them, and normally turn the end of the street into a kind of open-air military garage. Gone, too, was the continuous stream of cars, buses and lorries which, since the disappearance of the Belisha beacon that used to stand at the crossing into the Park have, with ever-growing velocity, turned the empty stretch of Knightsbridge near which I live into a speed-track, and which every few weeks overwhelms in some new disaster the long-suffering island and lamp standard in the middle of the road. And gone, too, was the deplorable procession of courtesans who since the war have been allowed to ply their depressing trade along the outer circumference of Hyde Park. As for the Park itself, it was changed almost out of recognition. The by now rather tired grass, the beautiful trees, the great empty Row were just as they had always been. But the human inhabitants were quite different. Nor were they at all what I had expected. A change in its human personnel occurs in the Park every week-end, especially in the summer, when on a fine afternoon an enormous crowd fills it. But it differs more from its week-day population in size than in kind. It is, naturally enough, being a London population, very much at home in the Park; it plays football, and for a few summer months, cricket, in its open spaces, and at times in its enclosed ones; it makes love on the grass; it rides its bicycles—the younger part of it—and its motor-cars—the smaller official part of it—along the footpaths

without much regard for the safety of elderly dogs and their ageing and absent-minded human escorts. It bathes in the Serpentine, it flies model aeroplanes, it flocks to any loud-speaker that either the authorities or some licensed commercial concern, like a film company, have brought into the Park, it queues for boats and pushes and barges about on the footpaths. The quieter part of it sits in the chairs, for which occasional tribute is demanded, or on the free public benches, reads newspapers, sun-bathes or listens to the band. It takes, it always strikes me, curiously little notice of the Park itself. It takes it, in other words, for granted, as we mostly do the good things that lie at our own door or inside it.

But this August Bank Holiday Monday crowd did not take the Park for granted. It was quite manifestly enjoying it. It made it, it is true, rather crowded—though no more so than the ordinary Sunday afternoon crowd—but I felt that it enhanced it. It consisted almost entirely, I should guess, of people who were in Hyde Park because they wanted, consciously and actively, to see and enjoy it. They were park-lovers. Some of them may have been Londoners—probably from parts of London remote from a park—others were, doubtless, provincials. But they all chose the quiet and green and trees of the Park in preference to the race-tracks, crowded roads, sporting fixtures, seaside beaches, cinemas, amusement parks, where the great majority of holiday-makers were presumably assembled. There must have been at least 100,000 of them. And allowing for the vast number of men, women and children in so small a space, they were the best-behaved large crowd I have seen in Hyde Park for many years. They were not rich, but they seemed to be completely without the familiar element of "spivs" and toughs—the two types of citizen who, regardless of questions of economic status, we seem for some reason of late to have been breeding in proportionately larger numbers. They were well-dressed, and they were grouped for the most part in families. Their younger members were neither making love nor playing football, but they seemed to be enjoying themselves just the same. There was an air of indescribable happiness about the whole scene, and to my great astonishment—for I had expected nothing of the kind, being of the anti-social type that is normally allergic to crowds—I found myself profoundly moved. It gave me the same kind of happiness as that wonderful scene by the river bank at Twickenham in the 'seventies in the present exquisite London production of "The Two Bouquets."

For it seemed to belong to the England in which I was born, which I fell

AN AIR DISASTER OVER THE ATLANTIC.



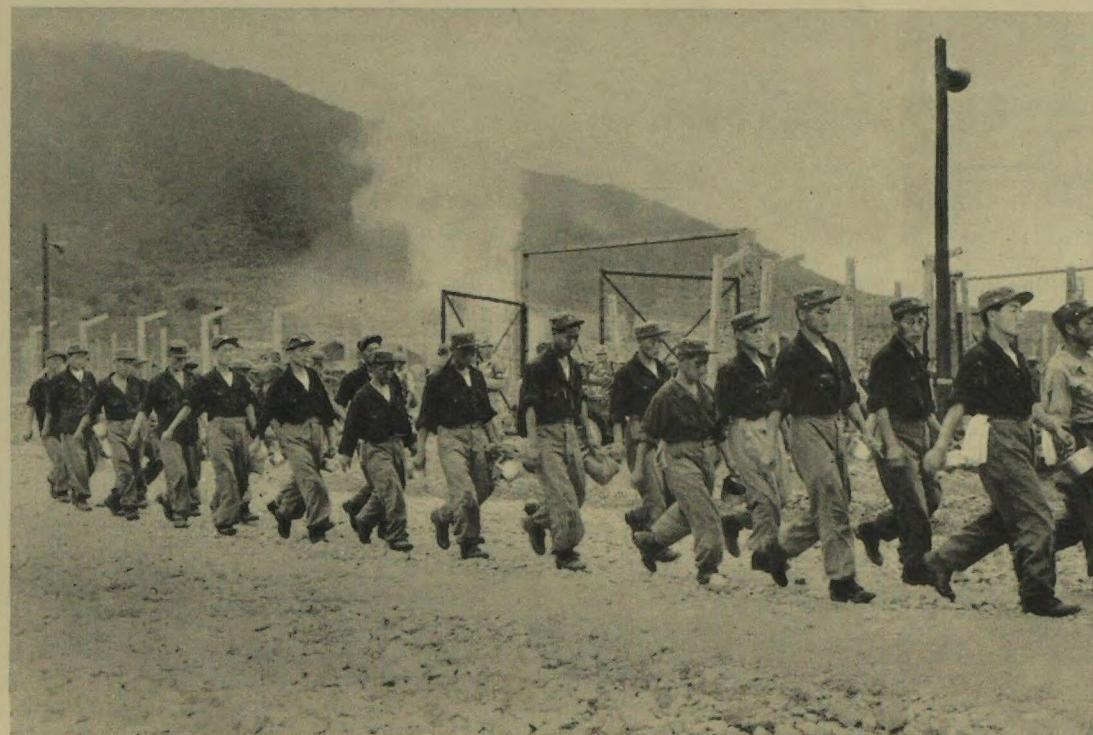
A GIANT AMERICAN TEN-ENGINED BOMBER—A CONVAIR B36, SIMILAR TO THE ONE WHICH CRASHED IN THE ATLANTIC ON AUGUST 5 WITH THE LOSS OF NINETEEN LIVES.

A U.S. Air Force Convair B36 bomber, bound for Lakenheath, Suffolk, from California on a training mission, crashed into the Atlantic about 450 miles west of Ireland early in the morning of August 5. The aircraft sent out a message at 3:36 a.m. stating that there was a fire in her engines. Nineteen minutes later she signalled: "No power in the right wing," and the last message received said that those on board were baling out. On board were nine officers and fourteen men, including the crew. Shipping in the area was at once diverted and full air-sea rescue services went into operation immediately. In the evening three survivors were picked up by the British steamer *Manchester Pioneer*, and another survivor was rescued by the steamer *Manchester Shipper*. The bodies of five men were also recovered H.M.S. *Tenacious* a fast anti-submarine frigate, steamed at full speed from Londonderry naval base to the scene of the crash, but was later diverted to investigate wreckage seen about 100 miles from the original reported position. The search, during which six ships and twenty-three aircraft ranged over thousands of square miles, continued night and day while there was any hope of finding further survivors. One of the survivors was landed by the *Manchester Shipper* at Manchester on August 8.

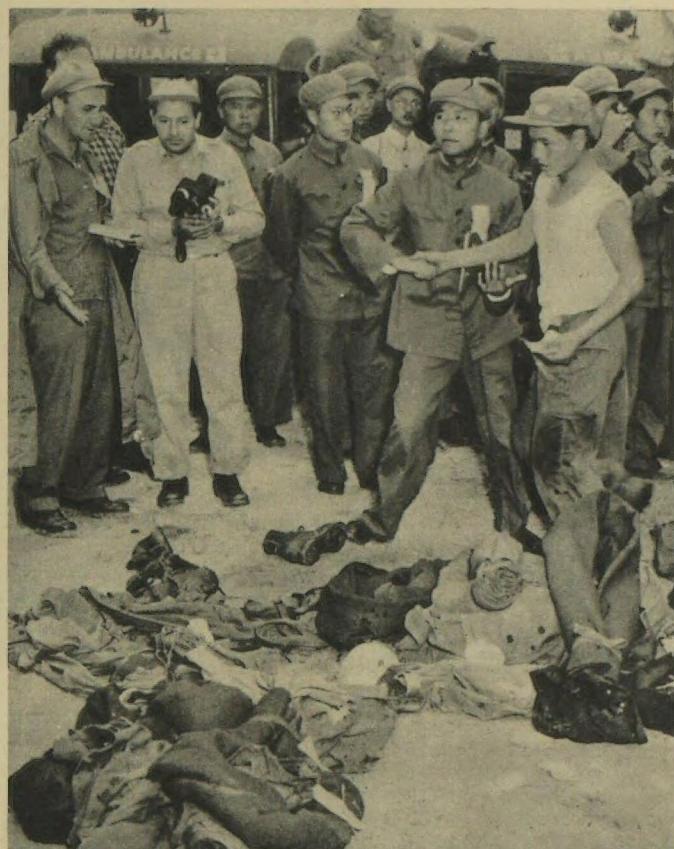
in love with when I was a boy, which vanished or seemed to vanish in the 'twenties and 'thirties, which was born again in the great blitzes of the late war, and which has seemingly now vanished again. Yet all the while I have suspected that it still existed under the surface, and this good-humoured, good-mannered, fundamentally decent English crowd in Hyde Park was the proof of it. It was the very opposite of the England which the popular Press and the cinema contrive to present and, to a large extent, I am afraid, create. And, sharing in its pleasure and that of the lovely early August day with which the Fates in this summer of unkind weather had unexpectedly blessed the holiday-makers of England, I was reminded of a poem that appeared in *Punch* in 1848—the Year of Revolutions—describing another and rather noisier, yet very similar English holiday crowd :

Townward from Richmond, at the close of day,
Two of us were on foot returning straight,
We having dined—the fact 'tis meet to state—
A pleasure-van there passed us on the road,
Which bore of honest folks a goodly load;
Holiday makers of the class and rate
Of working people, by our estimate.
The party was obstreperously gay;
Slightly elate, it may have been, with beer.
Joining in chorus as they roll'd along,
"We won't go home till morning," was their song.
We hailed those revellers with a gentle cheer;
And "Ah! that truly British strain," said we,
"Is livelier than, *Mourir pour la patrie*."

CONTRASTS OF P.O.W. EXCHANGE IN KOREA: JOYFUL U.N. MEN, AND COMMUNIST EXPRESSIONS OF HATRED.



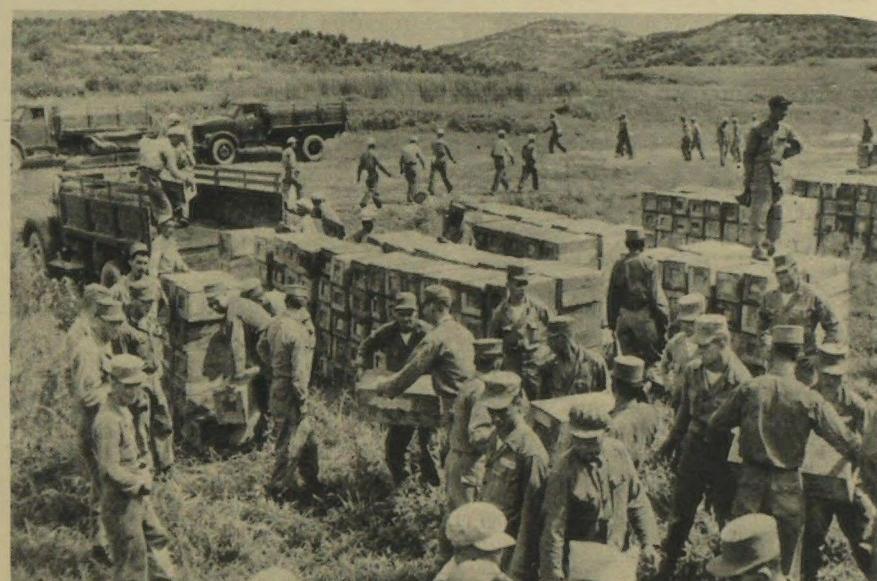
LEAVING A PRISON CAMP ON KOJE ISLAND FOR FREEDOM: A PARTY OF NORTH KOREAN P.O.W.'S BEGINNING THEIR JOURNEY TO PANMUNJOM, THE COMMUNIST RECEIVING-POINT. THEY WENT VIA INCHON.



A DEMONSTRATION OF COMMUNIST HATRED: A NORTH KOREAN PRISONER DISCARDING CLOTHING AT THE RECEIVING-POINT, PANMUNJOM.



ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS: AMERICAN LORRIES LOADED WITH NORTH KOREANS ARRIVING AT THE COMMUNIST FREEDOM GATE, PANMUNJOM.



UNITED NATIONS TROOPS AND COMMUNIST SOLDIERS WORKING SIDE-BY-SIDE: THE SCENE AS RED CROSS SUPPLIES WERE UNLOADED FROM LORRIES AT PANMUNJOM.



SHOWING HIS IMPRESSIVE PATRIARCHAL BEARD: AN AMERICAN EX-P.O.W., WARRANT OFFICER DWIGHT COXE, RECEIVING HIS FIRST PAY AFTER REPATRIATION.



THE FIRST CIGARETTES OF FREEDOM: LIEUT. R. BURNAND HANDING GIFTS TO THREE BRITISH EX-P.O.W.'S, RIFLEMAN W. LIGGETT, THE ROYAL ULSTER RIFLES, LANCE-CORPORAL W. A. BUXTON, THE ROYAL ULSTER FUSILIERS, AND PRIVATE R. BRAND, THE BLACK WATCH.

Four hundred soldiers and airmen were the first United Nations P.O.W.s to be released on August 5, under the Korean Armistice Agreement. They were received with immense enthusiasm, and given a joyous welcome. Red Cross workers and nurses were ready at Freedom Village, Panmunjom, with comforts; and gifts of every kind had been prepared. The first group of sick and wounded who arrived by helicopter did not include any Commonwealth soldiers. The later arrivals by ambulance were well and cheerful. All men who were fit and able

to walk, passed through a long corrugated-iron shed, entering in their Communist-issued blue clothes and leaving in U.N. summer kit, after having been disinfected and given coffee. The scenes at the Communist receiving-point where Chinese and North Korean men arrived, were not so agreeable, as a certain number destroyed their clothes and cast them away with curses. One or two actually hurled boots and other objects at the United Nations officers and orderlies in fanatical hysteria, while a trail of discarded garments marked their route.



LIFE IN FRANCE DISRUPTED BY STRIKES—THE
OF BRITISH TRAVELLERS STRANDED,



(ABOVE)
DESTITUTED PLATFORMS AND
NO TRAINS PULLING IN OR
OUT: THE GARE DE ST.
LAZARE, NORMALLY ONE OF
THE BUSIEST AND MOST
BUSTLING RAILWAY STATIONS, AS IT
APPEARED DURING THE
STRIKE.

LOCKED OUT OF THE GARE D'AUSTERLITZ, WITH NOTHING TO DO BUT SIT ON THEIR LUGGAGE
AND WAIT: STRANDED TRAVELLERS, WHO INCLUDED THOUSANDS OF BRITISH,



WITH THE TIMETABLE OF DEPARTURES AS A SATIRICAL BACKGROUND
TO THE WAITING TRAVELLERS: PASSENGERS AT THE GARE DE L'EST HOPING
FOR NEWS OF TRAIN RESUMPTION.



STRANDED BUT DETERMINED TO MAKE THE BEST USE OF HER TIME: A HOLIDAY-MAKER
WAITING FOR A TRAIN AND KNITTING AS SHE SITS AT THE GARE DE LYON.



MUMRS OF A RESUMPTION OF RAILWAY TRANSPORT: WOULD-BE TRAVELLERS STORMING
THE ENTRANCE OF THE GARE ST. LAZARE HOPEFUL OF FINDING A TRAIN.



A LITERAL SIT-DOWN STRIKE: POSTAL WORKERS AT A PARIS SORTING HOUSE CAMPING ON THE
BAGS OF MAIL WHICH, AT THE TIME OF WRITING, THEY HAD STILL REFUSED TO HANDLE.

WORST FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS: THOUSANDS
AND PUBLIC SERVICES INTERRUPTED.



WOULD-BE TRAVELLERS FACED WITH A DILEMMA: THE SCENE AT NEWHAVEN WHEN IT WAS
LEARNED THAT CROSS-CHANNEL STEAMERS COULD NOT SAIL, AS THEY WOULD NOT BE
ACCEPTED AT DIEPPE.



(ABOVE)
LOCKED GATES AND NO
SIGN OF LIFE: THE EN-
TRANCE TO THE GARE ST.
LAZARE, PARIS, AS IT
APPEARED ON AUGUST 7,
WHEN THE TWENTY-FOUR-
HOUR STRIKE HAD BEGUN.



QUEUING-UP OUTSIDE THE PARIS OFFICE OF THE ROYAL MAIL LINE FOR NEWS OF TRANSPORT
BY ROAD TO THE PORT OF EMBARKATION: PASSENGERS BOUND FOR SOUTH AMERICA IN
THE ANDES.



A DISAGREEABLE CONSEQUENCE OF THE STRIKE OF REFUSE COLLECTORS: OVERCROWDED
RUBBISH BINS AND LITTER SCATTERED ABOUT IN A PARIS STREET.



ROVER SCOUTS FROM MIDDLESEX CALLED ON TO DISPLAY PATIENCE IN
ADVERSITY: A PARTY OF BRITISH BOYS STRANDED AT THE GARE DE
NORD ON THEIR WAY HOME.



QUEUING-UP AT NEWHAVEN: PASSENGERS WHO HAD HOPED TO LEAVE FOR FRANCE
TRYING TO DECIDE WHETHER TO RETURN TO LONDON OR WAIT AT NEWHAVEN.

ROYAL AND MILITARY OCCASIONS, AND THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.



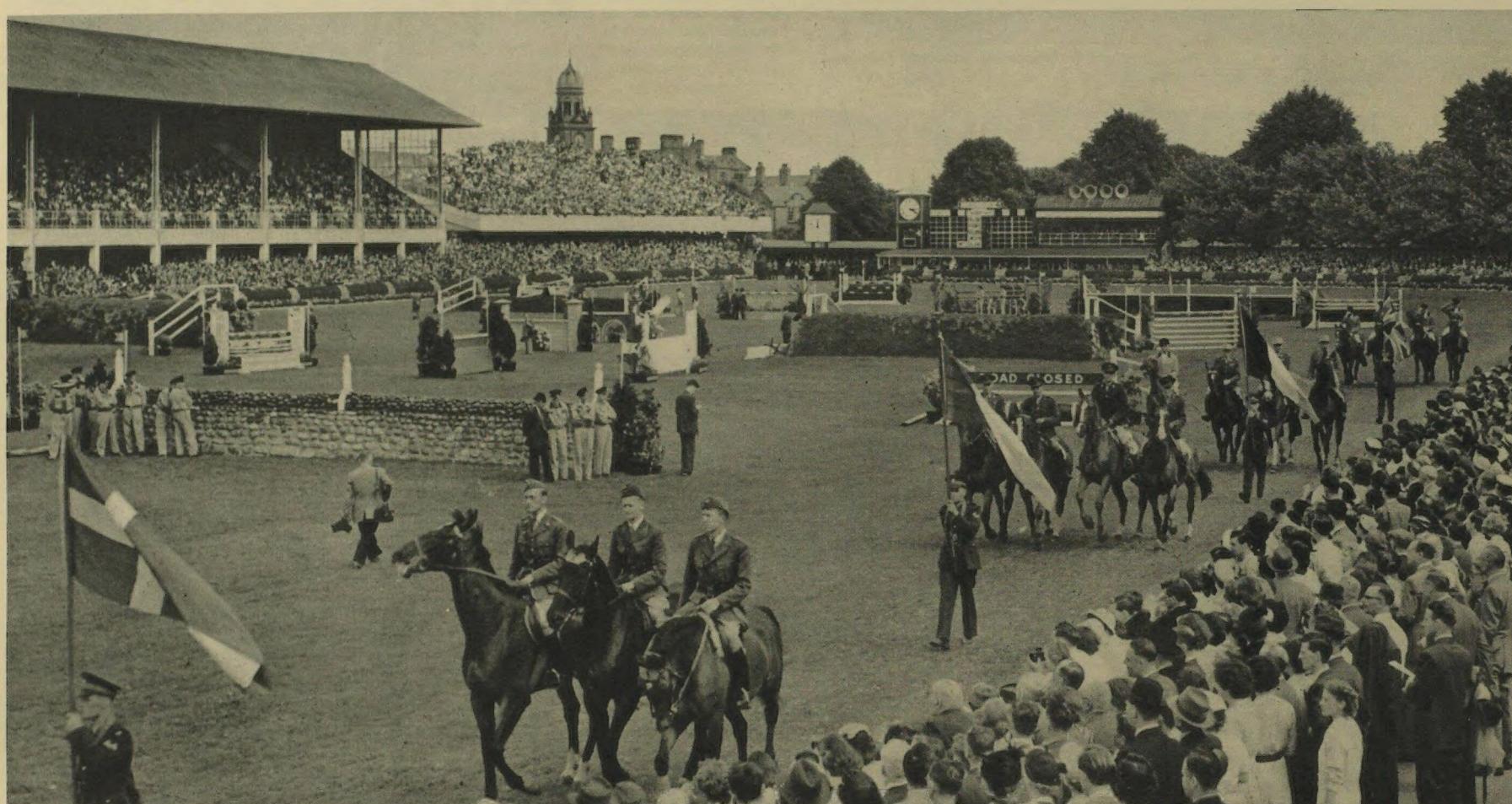
LEAVING KENYA ON MINDEN DAY: THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS, LED BY THE BAND OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES, MARCHING TO THE RAILWAY STATION IN NAIROBI.

On August 1, the anniversary of one of the Regiment's proudest memories—the Battle of Minden—men of the 1st Battalion The Lancashire Fusiliers left Nairobi to return to England. The battalion, who has waged a ten-months campaign against Mau Mau terrorists, is being replaced by the 1st Battalion The Black Watch.



REPLACING THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS: THE 1ST BATTALION THE BLACK WATCH MARCHING FROM NAIROBI RAILWAY STATION ON THEIR ARRIVAL IN KENYA.

The 1st Battalion the Black Watch arrived in Kenya from Korea in the troopship *Empire Fowey* on August 1, having recently completed their twelve-month tour with the 1st Commonwealth Division in Korea. During their year in Korea the battalion suffered casualties of 58 killed and 280 wounded.



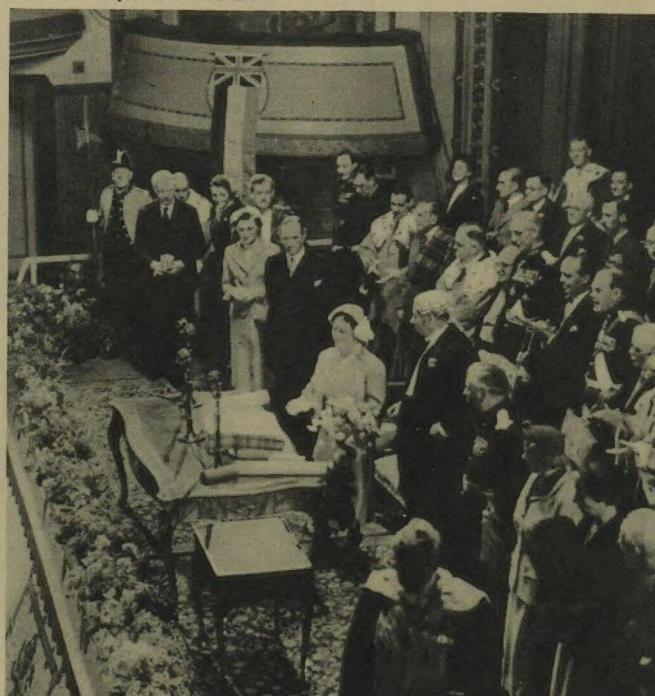
GREAT BRITAIN WINS THE AGA KHAN'S CUP FOR INTERNATIONAL TEAM JUMPING AT BALLSBIDGE FOR THE THIRD YEAR IN SUCCESSION: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PARADE OF THE INTERNATIONAL MILITARY TEAMS WHICH TOOK PART IN THE COMPETITION.

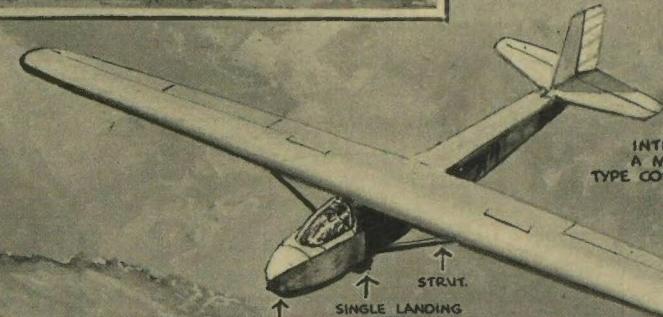
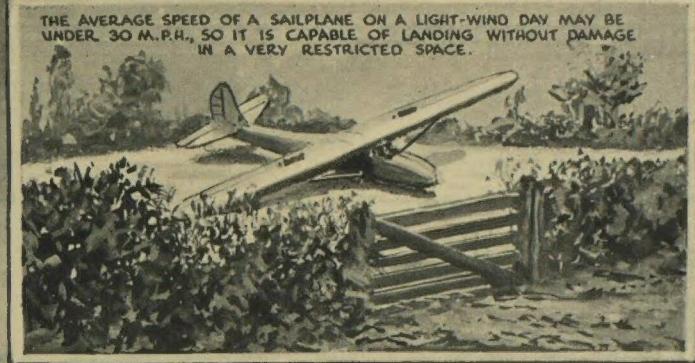
Britain won the Aga Khan International Jumping Trophy at the Dublin Horse Show on August 7 for the third year running. France was second and Ireland third. Sweden and Switzerland were fourth and fifth respectively. The British team was Mr. Robeson on Craven A, Mr. Hanson on The Monarch and Lieut.-Colonel Llewellyn on Foxhunter.



RECEIVING THE FREEDOM OF INVERNESS AT A CEREMONY IN THE ROYAL BURGH: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER ACCEPTING THE GOLD BURGESS RING FROM THE PROVOST, MR. J. M. GRIGOR (LEFT); AND ANOTHER SCENE DURING THE CEREMONY (RIGHT).

On August 6 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother became a Freeman of the Royal burgh of Inverness and was present later at another ceremony, when the freedom was presented to The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. The freedom was conferred on her Majesty "In recognition of a life devoted to the service of the nation and of the Commonwealth and Empire and as an expression of the loyalty and affection the Highlands and their capital have always felt for all members of the Royal family."



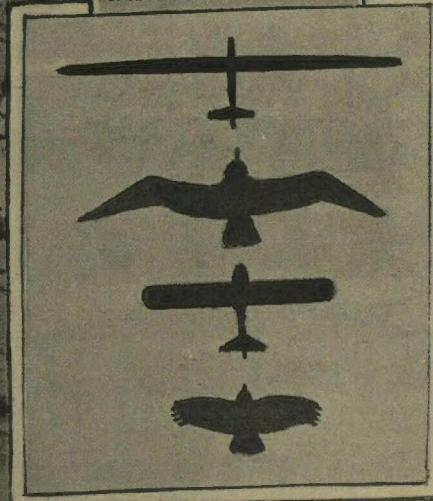


TWO SEATER SAILPLANE NOW COMING INTO GENERAL USE FOR INSTRUCTIONAL PURPOSES. IT COSTS ABOUT £900.



THE SLINGSBY "SKY"
A VERY SUCCESSFUL AND POPULAR HIGH-PERFORMANCE SAILPLANE FOR HEIGHT AND LONG-DISTANCE FLIGHTS. HIGH PERFORMANCE MACHINES RANGE IN PRICE FROM £800 TO £1500.

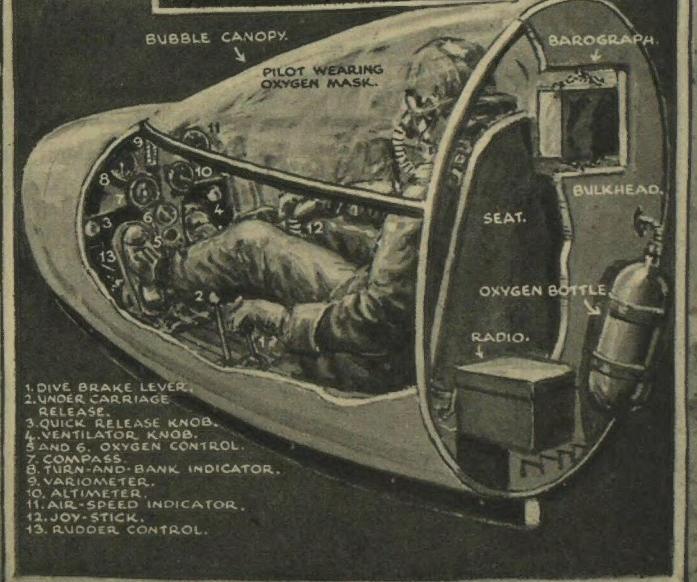
SAIL PLANES AND SOARING BIRDS.



UPPER DIVE BRAKE IN CLOSED POSITION.

SPAN 59 FT.

COCKPIT, CONTROLS AND INSTRUMENTS OF A SAIL PLANE.



YACHTING IN THE SKY : TYPES OF GLIDERS USED FOR INSTRUCTION ; AND FOR LONG-DISTANCE AND ALTITUDE FLIGHTS.

The recent National Gliding Championships held at Great Hucklow, Derbyshire, for which thirty-four gliders were entered, with sixty-nine pilots, has once again brought this increasingly popular sport to public notice. Mr. Philip Wills, who became world champion in 1952 at Torresavina, says, in his book "On Being a Bird" (Max Parrish, London): "In so far as gliding is concerned, the world falls into three classes: a few thousand who do it, perhaps twenty times that number who would do it if only . . . and the remaining two thousand-odd million folk who don't even know what gliding is and would not care if they did." The engineless aircraft now used can be classed under three main headings: Primary trainers; "Intermediate" single-seater trainers; and sailplanes. Primary trainers are able to fly over short distances when launched into the wind down the side of a hill and make use of "upturns" found above the

hill-side. These gliders, however, are now being superseded by dual-control trainers in which the pupil is accompanied by a skilled instructor. The pupil, when proficient, passes on to the "intermediate" single-seater trainer, which has a comparatively low aspect-ratio but enables him to reach a limited height and distance. Finally, the pupil takes over the controls of a sailplane which has a long, thin wing with a high-aspect ratio, i.e., a large span in relation to its chord and a high wing-loading. These sailplanes are beautifully streamlined, their cantilever wings require no struts or wires, and in many cases they jettison their launching gear as soon as they are airborne. At the recent meeting Mr. Geoffrey Stephenson became the new British gliding champion, with a flight in a Sky sailplane from Great Hucklow to Lympne, Kent, a distance of 193 miles. Next year the world championships will be held on the Great Hucklow site.

AMERICA AS SEEN BY AMERICANS BETWEEN 1790 AND 1870.

"A MIRROR FOR AMERICANS"; Compiled and Edited by WARREN S. TRYON.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

EVERYTHING which exists was new at some time. The amoeba's child, resolved on breaking away from family tradition, was a frightful parvenu in the sight of the seniors of the tribe; and the first fish who decided to become an amphibian was probably regarded as a ne'er-do-well, refusing to honour his father and his mother, who was abandoning a certain past for an uncertain future. It requires an effort of the imagination on the part of those who are stuck, voluntarily or otherwise, in Europe, to realise the extent to which the North Americans are now rooted in their soil and in their past. A symptom of it is the increasing number of books, fictional or otherwise, which are now devoted to American history, especially in its non-political and non-military aspects. The Colonial era, with its intimate relations with the Old Country, which exported Governors, fashions and books, architectural designs (including one reputed to be by Wren) and bricks, recedes farther and farther; and every year which passes adds to the volume and interest of the records concerning bygone "life and manners" which, in America as elsewhere, contain both durable and ever-changing elements. Professor Tryon, in these fascinating volumes, draws on the books of native travellers who went about and noted what they saw during the first eighty years or so after the split from England.

There were famous English books on the subject, also, during that period: notably those of Dickens, Basil Hall, Captain Marryat and Mrs. Trollope; and, as Professor Tryon says, "seldom did Americans allow the travel accounts of Europeans to escape their wrath or irony." The others are dim in my memory, but I do happen to have read this year Dickens's "American Notes," which evoked such a frenzy of indignation at the time. No trace of "anti-Americanism" can I find in the book. Dickens, wherever he went, was honest Dickens. The two things he was most violent about were the then almost universal practice of public expectoration and slavery. But Dickens was no more fierce about those things than he was about vices and abuses in his own country; and there were American writers who were at least as fierce as he about the things they saw as they adventured about their own great land. Suppose, for instance, that Dickens had written the books of Mrs. Royall, who was born in Maryland in 1769 and late in life maintained herself by books about her

observations on Washington, the capital and the Capitol!

Here are specimens: "It is certainly not to be expected, that the Metropolis of the United States should be exempt from evils common to every large city, but I will venture to say that no city of the same age has kept pace with it in vice and dissolute manners. And what is more astonishing is, that it should erect its empire in the very Capitol itself. In the first place, there are about two hundred hands



PUBLIC LANDING, CINCINNATI.

"Steamers on the great waters of the West are well known to indulge no violently conscientious scruples upon the subject of punctuality. Hour after hour, therefore, still found us and left us amid the untold scenes and sounds of the public landing. It is true our doughty steamer ever and anon would puff and blow like a porpoise or a narwhale; and then she would swelter from every pore and quiver in every limb with the ponderous laboring of her huge enginery . . . all this indicated, indubitably, an intention to be off and away; but a knowing one was he who could determine when."

From "Ballou's Pictorial," Vol. VIII., 1855.

Illustrations reproduced from "A Mirror for Americans"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, University of Chicago Press and Cambridge University Press.

engaged at work, on that part of it which remains to be finished, and, out of the whole number, there are perhaps not half-a-dozen sober men. They do however work during the day, but when their day's work is ended, they hie to the grog-shops and taverns, and usually spend their day's wages, sitting up to a late hour, and often committing broils in the streets, to the great annoyance of the citizens. . . . But of all sights that ever disgraced a city, a house of Legislation, I mean, and one which most astonishes a stranger, is the number of abandoned females, which swarm in every room and nook in the Capitol, even in day-light. One would think that, within the precincts of a legislative body, supposed to comprise all the wisdom and talent of the nation, at least some regard would be paid to decorum. I have

seen these females with brazen fronts, seated in the galleries listening to the debates. They used (I have been told) to mix promiscuously with the respectable class of females, until Mr. Clay (the Speaker) assigned them a place by themselves. Mr. Clay certainly does deserve much credit for this public homage to virtue, as does Mr. —, for submitting a resolution for banishing those retailers of spirituous liquors from the Capitol: the fate of this resolution will hardly be credited; it was lost." It can hardly be doubted that had an English visitor written in this strain he would have been furiously accused of being a supercilious ingrate who had greedily accepted all the American hospitality lavishly offered him and then bitten the hand that fed him because he bitterly resented

tants of some strange Zoo. And perhaps some of the British travellers—then, as since then—failed to realise that, when writing about another country, especially one where one has encountered the kindness and the enlightenment which, then as now, welcomes any visitor to the States, the old exhortation should be remembered:

Be to her faults a little blind
And to her virtues very kind
as also the Biblical reference to the beam and the mote. So far as the "faults" were concerned, the Americans could produce, without foreign aid, a sufficiency of caustic criticism themselves.

But the greater part of these volumes does not deal with controversial subjects, but with the general social and geographical panorama, as it evolved and expanded over the period. Professor Tryon quotes from William T. Thompson's volume of 1848 (written in a sort of spelling which foreshadows Josh Billings): "We will travel in steamboats, ralerodes, stage-coaches, and canal-boats, over rivers, lakes and mountains. We will visit cities, towns and country, and see every kind of scenery, and make the acquaintance of all sorts of people, but if the trip should prove dull and uninteresting to you, you can sleep over the long stretches and if you should git completely out of patience with your author you can stop on the way and git aboard of the *next* book that cumbs along." That is certainly true of these volumes. They contain extracts from scores of travellers, famous and obscure, with all sorts of outlooks and interests;

if one fails to hold you, or irritates you, you can turn to the next that "cums along." And as for the



SUNDAY ON FIFTH AVENUE.

"The Avenues are the streets which have been laid out under the new dispensation of the city government. The persons who live upon these Avenues are, if they have any pretensions to style or fashion, soubriqueted "Avenuees." Some years ago it was all the rage to settle upon the Avenues, to get out of the dust and confusion of the city . . ."

From "Appleton's," Vol. I., 1869.

general atmosphere and fascination, I can best indicate it by suggesting a possible English equivalent. Suppose somebody here should put together a collection of extracts from all our "rural riders," such as Celia Fiennes and Defoe, John Byng Lord Torrington and William Cobbett. How much closer we should be brought to the daily lives and sentiments of our ancestors than we ever can be by biographies of monarchs and Prime Ministers, or accounts of military manoeuvres and debates in the House of Commons! I will go farther and say that he who would wish to learn something about the America of to-day would do well to begin by making the acquaintance of these volumes; it is all there *in posse*.

The editing could not be better done, and the illustrations are numerous and enchanting. The price, in England, could not, I suppose, be helped. It is a pity.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 266 of this issue.



AN EARLY SLEEPING CAR.

"The Columbia Rail Road is made of the best materials, and has cost the state a great sum; but it has some great faults. . . . The viaducts are built of wood instead of stone, and the engineer doubting their ability to bear the weight of two trains at once, has brought the two tracks on them so close together, as to prevent two trains passing at the same time. . . . The roofs are so low as to prevent the locomotives from having chimneys of a sufficient height to keep the cinders out of the eyes of the passengers, and to prevent the sparks from setting fire to the cars and baggage . . ."

From "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper," Vol. VII., 1859.

undaunted travels: "for seven years she pursued her way through nearly every portion of the United States, and hardly a town existed which she did not sketch with her pen." Let us suppose that Dickens, or some other English voyager, had set down her

a brave little force of Colonial farmers having whacked the red-coated hirelings of the brutal tyrant George III.

Perhaps we should understand it. The U.S.A. was in its infancy; doing its best to develop an empty continent, and build a civilisation of its own. The Americans were conscious of being "new," aware that they needed time and deserved sympathy, and were prone to regard any critic who made the slightest reservation about their institutions and habits as a disdainful being who was treating them as the inhabi-

* "A Mirror for Americans. Life and Manners in the United States, 1790-1870, as Recorded by American Travellers." Three Volumes. I.—"Life in the East"; II.—"The Cotton Kingdom"; III.—"The Frontier Moves West." Compiled and Edited by Warren S. Tryon. Lavishly Illustrated. (University of Chicago Press and Cambridge University Press; £5 5s.)

ON THEIR WAY TO BALMORAL: H.M. THE QUEEN AND THE ROYAL CHILDREN.



AT BALLATER STATION: H.M. THE QUEEN WITH LORD ABERDEEN AND PRINCESS ANNE, WHO IS PEERING AT THE CROWD OF PEOPLE OUTSIDE THE STATION.



THE DUKE OF CORNWALL IN SCOTLAND: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS GLANCING UP AT LORD ABERDEEN (LEFT) AT BALLATER STATION BEFORE LEAVING BY CAR FOR BALMORAL.



WAIVING AS THE ROYAL TRAIN DREW OUT OF ABERDEEN STATION: PRINCESS ANNE, WHO WAS OBVIOUSLY ENJOYING THE JOURNEY FROM LONDON TO BALLATER.

H.M. the Queen, with the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, left Euston in the Royal train on the evening of August 4 for Scotland, where they are spending a two-months holiday at Balmoral. The Duke of Edinburgh, who was yachting at Cowes, flew north to join the Queen on August 8. Before leaving Euston the two Royal children went with the Queen to see the engine, the *City of London*, which hauled the train. The driver and the fireman were presented and the



LOOKING OUT AT ABERDEEN STATION FROM THE CORRIDOR OF THE ROYAL TRAIN: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE EN ROUTE FOR BALMORAL.

Duke of Cornwall talked to them. When the Royal party arrived at Ballater Station on the following morning the Marquess of Aberdeen, Lord-Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire, was waiting on the red-carpeted platform to welcome them. He told the Queen of the rumours that Balmoral Castle might cease to be a Royal residence, and when she replied that there was no foundation for the reports he asked if he might give out a denial, to which her Majesty replied, "Certainly."



SOARING FLIGHT : GLIDERS SAILING THROUGH THE SKY DURING THE RECENT NATIONAL GLIDING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

On August 3, the final day of the successful National Gliding Championships, Mr. Geoffrey H. Stephenson, of the London Gliding Club, became the new British gliding champion. He flew his *Sky* sailplane 193 miles from Great Hucklow, Derbyshire, to his declared objective, which was Lympne, in Kent. This feat also gained him the international gold badge with an additional diamond, which is the goal of all glider pilots. Mr. Stephenson's flight took one minute under six hours. Mr. Philip Wills, the world champion, reached

Southend, 157 miles away, in his *Sky*, as did Mr. Charles Ellis in an *Olympia*. Gliding, which has already made valuable contributions to aeronautical research, is gaining in popularity throughout the world. Britain, which has some of the most enthusiastic and skilled adherents of this sport, has become the largest exporter of sailplanes. During the recent championships, some 215 cross-country flights were made over an aggregate distance of 7896 miles. Thirty-four craft were entered with sixty-nine pilots.



A "GRANDSTAND" FOR THE GLIDERS' RACE COURSE : SPECTATORS WATCHING COMPETITORS IN THE NATIONAL GLIDING CHAMPIONSHIPS AT GREAT HUCKLOW, DERBYSHIRE.

The 1953 National Gliding Championships held, from July 25 to August 3 inclusive, at Great Hucklow, took place, for the most part, in difficult weather. The scene of the meeting was the headquarters of the Derbyshire and Lancashire Gliding Club, which was associated with the British Gliding Association in organising the event; and next year's International Championships will take place on the same site. Our photograph shows spectators on a natural grandstand which offers something of a parallel to Goodwood's Trundle Hill. They are watching competitors

in the race to Boston, Lincs., 74 miles away, soaring for height. Of the thirty-two entrants launched, only thirteen got away across country, and all but two came down short of Boston. The successful pilots were Mr. D. A. Smith, who maintained an average speed of 33.4 m.p.h. in an *Olympia*, and Mr. Geoffrey Stephenson, who started later and maintained an average speed of 46.1 m.p.h. in the *Sky* sailplane entered by the London Gliding Club. This did not beat the U.K. speed record of 49.4 m.p.h. over a 100-kilometre course set up by Mr. Philip Wills on the opening day.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

ANT-WATCHING.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE first Monday in August, being a Bank Holiday, I was cutting a stretch of rank grass bordering the kitchen garden at about seven in the morning. It was a neglected part, and there was nothing for it but to get down on my knees and use the shears. When the job was three-quarters done a halt became necessary. I found I had been kneeling near the nest of the small brown ant, the one that bites and at the same time brings its abdomen forward under the body to squirt formic acid into the wound. In the end, it was necessary to go indoors and strip.

In the afternoon of this same day, the ants all over the garden were swarming. At about three o'clock, the first winged queens were seen coming out of the ground, surrounded by workers. By five o'clock the swarming was finished, the queens had returned to earth. Most of them had shed their wings and were running about, apparently aimlessly, with every now and then one of them disappearing into a crack or hole in the ground, to find a new colony. The others were still trying to shed their wings, rubbing them against the nearest solid object, a small stone, stick, or even a blade of grass, or else were clawing at them with their legs in an endeavour to break them free. The ground around was littered with these cast wings, glinting in the sun.

A great deal has been written about these nuptial flights of ants, and doubtless much more remains to be written. Certainly, we are far from knowing all there is to be known about them. One of the first difficulties in making observations on them is that when they occur a great deal happens in a short while. And during that short while it is a very busy time trying to take a general view of what is happening, and at the same time pay particular attention to special aspects of it. For some years past I have tried to make a study of the annual swarmings. On this particular Monday, the weather conditions seemed right and I had anticipated the event, so was ready to watch for the one point on which I had hoped to collect evidence. This concerned what appears to be a point of difference between the experts. Thus, Imms (in his "Insect Natural History," page 284) refers to the fact that when the atmospheric conditions are right—though it would be difficult to say precisely what these conditions are—the "workers become very much agitated near the swarming period and prevent the winged individuals from leaving the nest before the right time." This has always struck me as a very significant thing, that in this act of swarming for breeding purposes the whole colony, including the sterile workers, should be actuated by a common motive. It is understandable that the virgin queens and the males, impelled by a reproductive drive, should react vigorously to the appropriate climatic conditions. That is in line with the breeding behaviour throughout the animal kingdom, and is explainable on the grounds of rhythmic and hormone activity, and all the rest. That the sterile workers should have communicated to them the importance of the occasion provides several highly significant implications which, however, cannot be discussed at this moment.

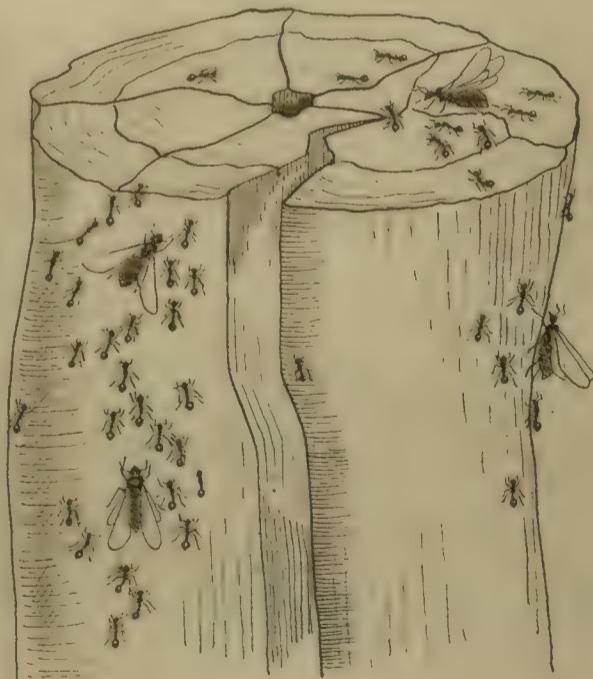
The one thing in which I was most interested is the fact that not all expert opinion is in agreement with Imms. I have heard it suggested, for example, that while it may be true that the workers also share in the general excitement at such times, any appearance that they are restraining the winged individuals from leaving the nest must be discounted. Rather, it is suggested, their state of excitement might cause them to impede the queens and the males, but there is nothing more purposive in it than this.



RETURNING TO EARTH FROM THE NUPTIAL FLIGHT WITH AN EXTRAORDINARY LOAD: A WINGED QUEEN OF THE BLACK GARDEN ANT CARRYING TWO MALES ON HER BACK AND WITH TWO WORKERS HANGING BY THEIR JAWS FROM HER LEGS.



A QUEEN OF THE LITTLE BROWN ANT, APPARENTLY BEING RESTRAINED BY THE STERILE WORKERS FROM TAKING FLIGHT: AN OBSERVATION MADE BY DR. BURTON DURING THE AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.



WHETHER THERE IS A PURPOSIVE LINK BETWEEN THE FERTILE QUEEN ANTS AND THE STERILE WORKERS IS APPARENTLY OPEN TO DOUBT. THERE IS AN APPEARANCE, IN THIS SWARMING UP A POST OBSERVED BY DR. BURTON, OF EACH QUEEN BEING ATTENDED BY A GROUP OF WORKERS.

From the drawings by Jane Burton.

The first thing I noticed, once the swarming was well in train, was that the members of one colony were swarming up a 3 ft. wooden post which I have occasion to use, and keep under observation, frequently. I can then be confident that at other times throughout the year there are no ants on it. On this occasion they were swarming up it. At first there were too many of them to give a clear picture of what was happening, but as the queens, one by one, spread their wings and became airborne, the swarming thinned out. Then it was possible to see that as each fresh queen ascended the post, there was a corresponding group of workers coming up with her

anything from six to a dozen. Moreover, when she arrived on the flat top of the post, alternately trying her wings and wandering about the top, the accompanying workers appeared to be mindful of her presence there. Every now and then, one of them would go up to her and touch her with its antennæ. And when she finally flew away, these workers descended the post. Finally, when the last queen was gone and the last workers had descended the post, no more ants were to be seen on it. Nor have any climbed it since.

to my knowledge. There did appear, therefore, to be a purposive link between the behaviour of the winged queens and the wingless, sterile workers.

While paying particular attention to this post, I was also trying to keep an eye on what was happening elsewhere. Using binoculars, I tried to follow the flights of one individual queen after another. It was possible to follow them in this way up to a height of some 30 to 40 ft., but not once was I able to follow the complete flight of any one queen, from the time she took off until she came to earth again. I did, however, see several meetings between a queen and a male, and, moreover, saw one queen descending with an extraordinary load.

I was able to catch her and put her quickly into a corked glass tube, when the hand-lens revealed that she was carrying two males pick-a-back, and two workers, each hanging on to a leg by its jaws. Whatever may be the reason for this passenger flight on the legs of the queens, it seems that the workers are not wholly disinterested in what is taking place.

At intervals throughout this time I went over to see what was happening to the colony that had given me so much trouble in the early morning. Then, I had cut away the tall grass sheltering the surface of their nest, and this apparently had caused them to evacuate it. When the swarming started elsewhere, I found a double column stretching from the old nest to a point under an overhang of the grass border. The column moving from the nest consisted mainly of ants, each carrying a pupa, with the return column coming back empty-handed. No queen was to be seen, although every other colony in the garden, involving at least three species, appeared to be swarming. At about six o'clock a single winged queen was to be seen a little away from the old nest, and to the side of the double column. Workers, numbering perhaps a score, were swarming over

her for the ten minutes or so that I watched, before I collected her and them in a tube for further observation. There was here the appearance that the most urgent task for the colony was the removal to new quarters, that this must take precedence over even such an important matter as a nuptial flight, and that the score or so workers were, in fact, preventing the one queen that had emerged from further leaving the nest. Unless what I saw here was a remarkable coincidence, it would appear that the sterile workers not only take an active and purposive part in the whole affair, but have a deciding influence on when and whether it shall take place at all.

THE NEW EUROPEAN HELICOPTER SERVICE.

A BATHING "RESCUE" BY HELICOPTER.



OPENED ON AUGUST 3: BRUSSELS' "HELIPORT," FROM WHICH THE SABENA LINE ARE TO OPERATE DAILY PASSENGER SERVICES TO CITIES IN HOLLAND, FRANCE AND GERMANY.



INAUGURATING THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL HELICOPTER SERVICE IN EUROPE: A SABENA LINE SIKORSKY S.55 HELICOPTER TAKING OFF FROM THE "HELIPORT" IN BRUSSELS.



THE END OF THE INAUGURAL FLIGHT FROM BRUSSELS: A SIKORSKY S.55 ARRIVING AT ROTTERDAM'S "HELIPORT" IN THE CENTRE OF THE CITY.

On August 3 Belgium's Sabena Air Line established the first international helicopter service in Europe. It was inaugurated by a Sikorsky S.55 and a Bell 47 D.I which flew from the new helicopter station in Brussels to an airport in the centre of Rotterdam, not far from the Town Hall. Initially the flights between Brussels and cities in Holland, France and Germany are limited to postal and cargo traffic, but beginning in September the Sabena Air Line are to operate a passenger service as well, with flights three times a day in both directions. The organisation has already been operating regular helicopter mail services for over two years. When the new service was established on August 3, the official guests who flew from Brussels to Rotterdam by the new service included M. Segers, the Belgian Minister of Transport, Baron van de Meulenbroeck, the burgomaster of Brussels, and Mr. Sikorsky the aircraft designer.

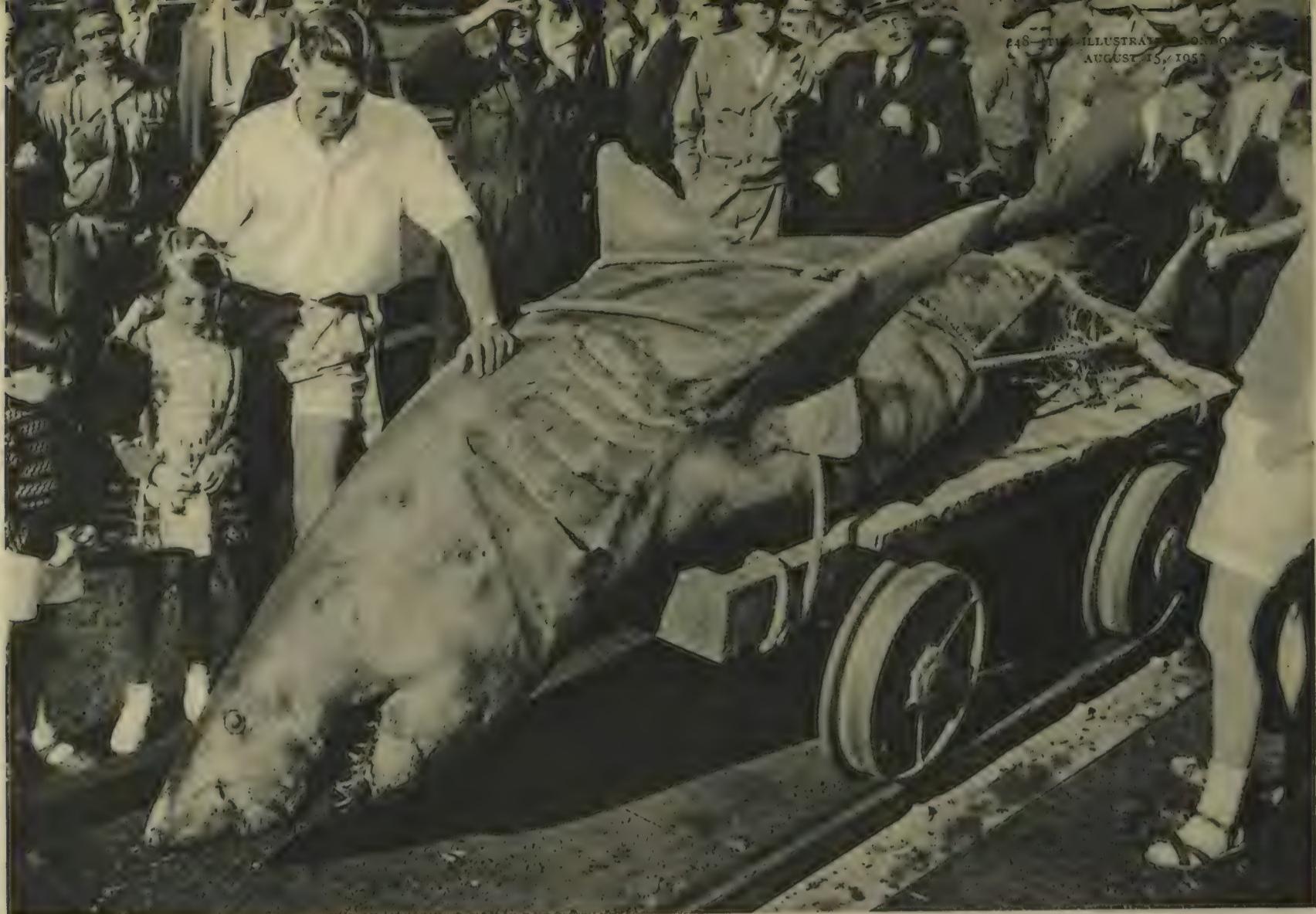


HOW A BATHER IN DIFFICULTIES COULD BE RESCUED BY HELICOPTER: AN AMERICAN AIRMAN GIVING A DEMONSTRATION AT RAMSGATE. HE IS BEING HAULED UP TO THE AIRCRAFT.



HOVERING OVER A BATHER WHO HAS JUST SEIZED THE SLING LOWERED TO HIM: THE HELICOPTER WHICH RECENTLY GAVE A DEMONSTRATION AT RAMSGATE.

The helicopter is perhaps the most "domestic" form of aircraft yet devised; and has also been repeatedly used in works of mercy. In Korea and Malaya it was found invaluable for the removal of wounded from the scene of action and for dropping supplies; and in Holland it carried out flood rescue operations. A demonstration of bathing "rescues" by helicopter was given recently at Ramsgate with the assistance of the 66th Air Rescue, U.S.A.F., based at Manston. An American airman acted as a bather in difficulties; the look-out man on the pier spotted him, contacted coastguard, who called Manston Airfield; and the helicopter duly appeared. The look-out man spotted the bather, lowered a cable with a loop at the end into which he climbed; and was hauled up. The purely "domestic" use of a helicopter was demonstrated by the Duke of Edinburgh last May when he twice flew from the Buckingham Palace lawns to carry out official engagements.



(ABOVE.) WITH THE 1660-LB. BLUE-POINTER OR MAKO SHARK WHICH HE CAUGHT ON JULY 27 FROM THE SOUTH PIER AT DURBAN; MR. REG HARRISON (LEFT) WATCHING THE LARGEST SHARK EVER CAUGHT OFF NATAL BEING WEIGHED AT THE BLUFF RAILWAY WEIGHBRIDGE—AN AMAZING CATCH WHICH MAY RANK AS A WORLD RECORD.

ON the facing page we show a 1314-lb. tiger shark recently caught by Mrs. Bob Dyer near Brisbane, Australia, which sets up a new women's world record for this fish. On July 27 Mr. Reg Harrison, a thirty-one-year-old Durban angler, fishing from the South Pier, Durban, hooked a 1660-lb. blue-pointer shark and, after a six-hour battle, landed it. This is the biggest shark ever caught from the Natal coast and is believed to be the largest blue-pointer ever caught from the land in the world, though it may not be accepted as a world record as another angler also hooked the shark and played it for about ten minutes. On the same day twenty-one-year-old Mike Titlestad was also shark-fishing from the South Pier when he hooked a blue-pointer estimated to weigh about 1200 lb., and after an exciting battle lasting some two hours, brought it to land. It was reported that on the day when these sharks were landed the harbour entrance was alive with blue-pointers which were following the whale-catchers into port. The blue-pointer, or Mako shark, is also found off the coasts of New Zealand and Australia, and one weighing 1000 lb. was caught off Mayor Island, New Zealand, by Mr. B. D. H. Ross in March 1943. A description of the Mako is given in "Giant Fishes, Whales and Dolphins," by J. R. Norman and F. C. Fraser: "Porbeagles and Makos are usually observed in small companies, although they can scarcely be called gregarious, sometimes a single shark will pursue its prey alone. The teeth are not adapted so much for cutting as for seizing the prey, which seems to be swallowed whole—a tribute to the digestive powers of this shark! The Mako is said to be a lover of the open sea, where it dashes madly after its food, and does not hesitate to attack boats, in the woodwork of which it not infrequently leaves some of its teeth. Most of the species are savage and dangerous to man...."



(RIGHT.) WITH A BLUE-POINTER ESTIMATED TO WEIGH ABOUT 1200 LB. WHICH HE CAUGHT FROM THE SOUTH PIER AT DURBAN ON THE SAME DAY THAT MR. HARRISON LANDED HIS RECORD SHARK: MR. MIKE TITLESTAD, A TWENTY - ONE - YEAR - OLD DURBAN ANGLER, WHO TOOK ABOUT TWO HOURS TO LAND HIS BIG FISH.

(Copyright photographs by the "Natal Daily News.")



WELL BEYOND THE ANGLER'S TRADITIONAL MEASUREMENT BY OUTSPREAD ARMS: A 1314-LB. TIGER-SHARK WITH ITS CAPTOR, MRS. BOB DYER, WHO HAS SET UP A NEW WOMEN'S WORLD RECORD.

The angler's prayer—"Lord grant that I may catch a fish so large that even I, when talking of it afterwards, may have no need to lie"—was certainly answered when Mrs. Bob Dyer caught the 1314-lb. tiger-shark with which she is seen in the above photograph. Mrs. Dyer was fishing off Moreton Island, near Brisbane, Australia, at the end of July when she made this catch, which sets up a new women's world record for tiger-shark—the previous record was also held by Mrs. Dyer, with a fish of 871 lb. The men's tiger-shark record is held by Mr. L. Bagnard, with a fish weighing 1382 lb. and

13 ft. 10 ins. long, which he caught off Sydney Heads, Australia, in February 1939. Australia provides good sport for the big-game fisherman, and it will be remembered that Sir Willoughby Norrie, then Governor of South Australia, caught a 1713-lb. white pointer shark off Kangaroo Island in January last year and later a monster of 2225 lb. This latter fish was eclipsed by a white pointer shark weighing 2333 lb. which Mr. Alfred Dean caught in Streaky Bay, on the west coast of South Australia, in April last year. In January this year Mr. Dean established a new record with a shark of 2372 lb.

COWES WEEK: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH RACING "COWESLIP" AND "BLUEBOTTLE", AND OTHER ASPECTS OF A GREAT YACHTING OCCASION.



STEERING HIS YACHT COWESLIP INTO SECOND PLACE ON AUGUST 4: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE TILLER DURING A RACE FOR THE FLYING FIFTEEN CLASS.



COMPETING IN A RACE FOR DRAGON-CLASS YACHTS FROM WHICH HE RETIRED Owing TO A BROKEN FORESTAY: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE TILLER OF COWESLIP.

Cowes Week was preceded by racing under the auspices of the Royal Southampton Yacht Club on August 1, and for the first time in the history of the Week a regatta was held on a Sunday, August 2. This was organised by the Royal Thames Yacht Club, and started in the afternoon, in order not to interfere with Church services. On



COMPETING IN A RACE FOR FLYING FIFTEENS ON AUGUST 3, WITH HARDLY A BREATH OF WIND TO FILL THE SAILS: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S COWESLIP WITH MR. UFFA FOX AT THE TILLER. HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS ARRIVED AFTER THE RACING HAD STARTED.

August 3 his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Cowes to spend a week afloat in the motor-yacht *Fairwood* and to race the Dragon-class yacht *Bluebottle*, which was a wedding present to H.M. the Queen and himself from the Island Sailing Club, and his yacht *Coweslip*, of the Flying Fifteen class. His Royal Highness arrived

in the Roadstead too late to take part in races for which *Coweslip* and *Bluebottle* were entered, and Mr. Uffa Fox steered *Coweslip* into second place in the race for her class. On the following day the Duke of Edinburgh competed in a race with *Bluebottle*, but had to retire with a broken forestay, and later on took out *Coweslip* and came second



RUNNING BEFORE THE WIND IN THE RACE FOR YACHTS OF 27 FT. BUT UNDER 35 FT. ON AUGUST 1: FAIRWOOD (LIEUT.-COLONEL R. G. F. SCHOLFIELD), WHICH FINISHED THIRD.



COMPETING IN THE ANNUAL RACE FOR THE BRITANNIA CUP, THE CHIEF EVENT OF COWES WEEK: THE HON. MAX ATTEN'S YACHT LUMBERJACK ON AUGUST 4.

in the Flying Fifteen event. On August 5 his Royal Highness sailed *Bluebottle* into third place in the race for yachts of the Dragon class, and that evening attended the Cowes Week dinner of the Royal Yacht Squadron. The Britannia Cup race on August 4 was won by the U.S. yacht *Corina* (R. S. Nye).

THE armistice in Korea took a very long time to negotiate. The signature was welcomed, but without the enthusiasm which would have been aroused had it been brought about without such exasperating delays, loss of life, and financial expenditure. On the side of the United Nations no one could feel deep satisfaction with the results attained. To the United States, which had borne by far the heaviest burden and suffered by far the heaviest losses, the sense of disillusionment naturally came in its sharpest form. The feeling of grievance against Communist China, which by an unprovoked intervention had prolonged the war and immeasurably increased the losses, was bitter. At the same time it was recognised more clearly than in most other countries that an armistice was not a peace and not even the guarantee of a peace. The United States Government clearly expected that China and her friends would make every effort to obtain concessions as the price of peace. There is no question of that Government exhorting the nation to maintain a stiff attitude. The case is rather that the Government, in view of the present state of mind of the nation, is forced to be stiff.

These considerations account at least partly for the marked difference between the words spoken by the Secretary of State, Mr. Dulles, on July 28, and the speech of Lord Salisbury on the following day. One may add that the atmosphere of an American Press conference and a speech in the British House of Lords is very different, but this factor is not weighty enough to account for the divergence between the two utterances. Mr. Dulles said that the United States would not accord recognition to Communist China, at least in the near future, and would certainly not buy unity in Korea at such a price. He said that the United States might walk out of the political conference if that had made no headway within ninety days. He made no reference to British membership of such a conference. Lord Salisbury, speaking more guardedly, said that the situation of China with regard to the United Nations was one for further examination in the light of experience after the armistice. He said that, if the truce were broken, the first step the British Government would propose would be consultation. He stated that this country expected to play a part in the political conference, and suggested that India and Australia should be represented. In general, he went in for no preliminary door-bolting.

There lay the essential difference. To British ears what Mr. Dulles had to say sounded inconsistent with the purpose of the political conference, which is to reach agreement. The peaceful settlement which it is hoped to achieve in the Far East cannot be imposed from the side of the United Nations any more than it can be from that of Communist China and North Korea. The war has been a draw—I do not write "ended in a draw," because I want it to be borne in mind that an armistice does not end a war but only suspends it while political measures are being taken to end it. When a political conference of this nature is assembled on equal terms it is not usual to announce in advance a cut-and-dried policy of no concessions, and Mr. Dulles seemed to come perilously near to doing so.

On the other hand, the more extreme critics of Mr. Dulles would do well to recognise the need of a strong policy, and especially on the part of the United States. Communists are the hardest bargainers that the modern history of international affairs reveals. It is to be expected that they will fight for advantage on every conceivable point in the political conference, just as they did in the truce conference. They are likely to work with all their might for a settlement which will enable them to create a Communist régime all over Korea and to make that country a satellite of China. Any benefit to their cause which they can obtain as the result of war-weariness and unwillingness to renew the fighting on the part of the United Nations will be ruthlessly extorted. It is possible that the remarks of Mr. Dulles were intended as a warning that the United States did not mean to be bluffed or blackmailed, a warning which he thought it desirable to make at the earliest possible moment and before the political conference assembled.

The other danger of the present moment is greater and more difficult to meet. The sowing of the seeds of disunion in alliances or confederations of political opponents is as much a practice of Communism as hard bargaining round the council table. The need for the closest unity of purpose between the United States and the United Kingdom is particularly urgent, because they carry more weight in the anti-Communist world than all the rest of it put together. Their relations have during the past couple of years not

been as good as they should be, and there are only too many people in both countries ready to seize every opportunity to exploit disagreement and misunderstanding, to exaggerate differences, to cast doubts on the honesty of the other party, and in a word, to make bad blood. We consider the United States less patient and prudent than ourselves, whereas

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

TESTS OF A PARTNERSHIP.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

they consider us less firm and consistent; but fundamentally there is very little difference in the policy of the two nations in their efforts to insure peace and freedom.

Those who point this out are often accused of advocating a policy of "crawling to the United States." I do not think that there has been any tendency to do so, and I see no trace of it in the speech



GUARDING COPIES OF THE ARMISTICE AGREEMENT BETWEEN THE UNITED NATIONS AND THE COMMUNISTS, WHICH WAS SIGNED ON JULY 27: AN AMERICAN SOLDIER.

The Armistice Agreement between the United Nations and the Communists signed at Panmunjom by General Harrison and General Nam II, and countersigned by General Clark at Munsan, is a bulky document. It consists of twenty-seven pages and annexes with maps. The contents include a preamble and five articles which cover the military demarcation line and demilitarised zone; arrangements for the cease fire and armistice; for prisoners of war; and the recommendation for the holding of a political conference of higher levels; and so forth.



THE COUNTERSIGNING OF THE ARMISTICE AGREEMENT BETWEEN THE UNITED NATIONS AND THE COMMUNISTS AT MUNSAN: GENERAL MARK CLARK (THIRD FROM RIGHT) APPENDING HIS NAME TO THE DOCUMENT, FACED BY A BATTERY OF CAMERAS.

On this page Captain Falls discusses the Armistice in Korea as it affects the partnership between this country and the United States. In our last issue we published a double-page photograph of the signing of the agreement at Panmunjom by General Harrison and General Nam II, when each signed thirty-six copies, twelve each, in English, Korean and Chinese. Later on the same day General Mark Clark, U.N. C-in-C, countersigned the documents at Munsan. After he had done so he made a short speech, pointing out that it was only a step towards what must yet be done. On August 6 General Clark announced his retirement from the Army at the end of October.

of Lord Salisbury. He was fully entitled to say that this country looked beyond a settlement of the Korean imbroglio—important as it is and difficult as it will be to attain it—to a general settlement in the Far East. We uphold the old and sound principle of recognising Governments which effectively control and administer their States, however little we agree with

their politics. We are right to maintain that principle, and he was right to let it be known that we should adhere to it. He spoke with more force, not less, as his opponents seem to think, because he personally, perhaps against the view of the majority of his party, thought the recognition of Communist China, at a time when the party of the present Opposition was in power, to be premature. He was justified also in his cautious view of the possibility that the President of the Republic of Korea might wreck the armistice, and refusal to tie British hands to the renewal of war in such a deplorable event.

His speech was not concerned only with the Far East. It dealt also with the question of four-Power talks. Writing in the issue of July 25 on the fall of Beria, I remarked that it seemed to make a four-Power conference premature. This was not "crawling to the United States," because the words were written some twelve days before they appeared and it was not then clear what the decision of the Washington Conference would be. From Lord Salisbury's speech it emerges that we were apparently ready to try to arrange one at once on the lines laid down by our Prime Minister, that the United States considered it premature, and that the original proposal of Sir Winston Churchill was by no means ruled out. On that the speaker was very plain indeed. "If, indeed," he said, "there were at any time any divergences of views between me and the other Foreign Ministers at Washington, it was because of my continued advocacy of the Prime Minister's proposal of May 11." He had to compromise because it was a choice between the form of invitation given in the communiqué or no invitation at all.

Alliances cannot be expected to produce complete unity of views and action automatically. When this is not attained one partner or another, perhaps several in a multiple alliance, suffers embarrassment. The question to be considered is whether the alliance is worth such occasional embarrassment. I can only say that I consider this to have been of priceless value. Indeed, I think it possible that, when the secret history of our time comes to be written, it will be found that it saved us from a frightful disaster. If the United Kingdom has been the greater beneficiary, the United States has none the less profited considerably. It has been in general an easier partnership than most in modern history. Let those who find it onerous consult the files of newspapers after the First World War, when France was playing with the scheme for a Rhineland Republic, marching into the Ruhr, and walking off to leave our troops standing alone at Chanak. Perhaps only the last incident was of serious importance, but nothing like the other milder ones has occurred in the present instance. The strain upon alliances is commonly less during wars than after they are over.

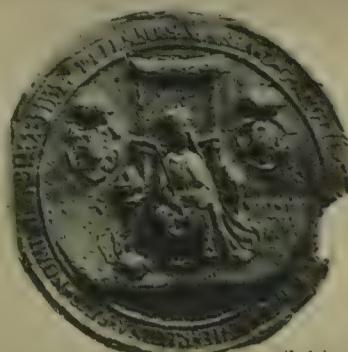
The significance of the links between Britain and the United States transcends the question of their individual safety and indeed that of their combined safety. It is a matter of preserving the peace of the world, perhaps of preserving civilisation itself as we know it. Thus no factor in international affairs exceeds these links in importance. They are not

impervious to wear and tear. Those who treat them roughly or carelessly are taking great risks and incurring grave responsibilities. I will not speak of those who deliberately try to break them, except to say that they are in a minority, perhaps less to blame and almost certainly less dangerous than the clumsy and impatient. Compromise should not be one-sided any more than criticism should be debarred; each side has the right to make its views known to the other and does not lack the machinery by which this can be done. Lord Salisbury on behalf of the British Government accepted a compromise and agreed to a line of action with the United States and France which was not that which he advocated. There appears to be no foundation for the allegation that he did not represent British views with sufficient force.

I write before it is known what will be the outcome of the proposals which have emerged from the Washington Conference. If this should prove unsatisfactory, disappointment will be felt and the British Government will be within its rights in claiming that its policy was wiser than that which was adopted. If, however, the change in the Russian outlook is as genuine as it appears on the surface, there will be no cause for despair. The way will lie open for further efforts to reach an understanding on a grand scale. That must be the final aim. No partial accommodation can remove the terrible threat which has overhung the world since shortly after the hostilities of the Second World War came to an end. The aim is one which cannot be attained

without unity of purpose in the free world and most of all between the United States and the United Kingdom. I have headed my article "Tests of a Partnership." Such tests have been going on for years, and on the whole the partnership has stood up to them well. The necessity that it should be strong and loyal has never in all that time been greater than now.

THE SEALS OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND: FROM MARY I. TO ELIZABETH II.

(Left.)
SEAL OF MARY I.
(1553-58).SEAL OF WILLIAM AND
MARY (1689-94).COUNTERSEAL OF WILLIAM
AND MARY.(Right.)
THE FIRST
SEAL OF
VICTORIA
(1837-1901).COUNTER-
SEAL OF MARY I.FIRST SEAL OF
ELIZABETH I.
(1558-1603).THE GREAT SEAL OF QUEEN ELIZABETH II.:
(ABOVE) THE OBVERSE; (BELOW) THE REVERSE.THE COUNTER-
SEAL OF THE
FIRST SEAL OF
VICTORIA.THE SECOND SEAL
OF VICTORIA.COUNTERSEAL OF
FIRST SEAL OF
ELIZABETH I.SECOND SEAL OF
ELIZABETH I.THE COUNTER-
SEAL OF THE
SECOND SEAL OF
VICTORIA.THE THIRD SEAL
OF VICTORIA.(Left.)
COUNTERSEAL OF
SECOND SEAL OF
ELIZABETH I.THE COUNTERSEAL OF THE
FIRST SEAL OF ANNE (1702-14).THE SECOND SEAL OF
ANNE.(Right.)
THE COUNTER-
SEAL OF THE
THIRD SEAL OF
VICTORIA.

On August 1, at a meeting of the Privy Council at Buckingham Palace, the Queen gave her approval to a new Great Seal of the Realm and handed it to the Lord Chancellor, Lord Simonds, who is the Keeper of the Great Seal. Both obverse and reverse were designed by Mr. Gilbert Ledward, R.A., and the seal was engraved in silver at the Royal Mint. Its weight is 135 ozs. and the impression has a diameter of 6 ins. On the obverse is a portrait of the Queen on horseback, wearing the uniform of Colonel-in-Chief, Grenadier Guards, and this portrait is set on a plinth. Below the horse is the crowned cypher. The legend is the Latin

form of the full Royal title. The reverse shows the Queen throned and robed with, in her right hand, the Sceptre, in her left the Orb, her feet resting upon a footstool. On either side of the throne are shields of the Royal Arms. Below the footstool is inscribed "Dieu et Mon Droit," and part of the motto "Honi soit qui mal y pense" appears on the chair behind the Queen's shoulders. On the death of a sovereign, the old seal is used until the new sovereign orders otherwise. When the new seal is made, the old seal is defaced to make it unfit for use and it is then presented by the monarch as a personal gift to the Lord Chancellor.

A NEWLY-FOUND ASSYRIAN ROYAL PALACE OF 2750 YEARS AGO: "GUARDIAN ANGELS" AND PALACE FRESCOES, IN RECENT DISCOVERIES AT NIMRUD.

BY M. E. L. MALLOWAN, D.Lit., F.S.A.

(Professor of Western Asiatic Archaeology at the Institute of Archaeology, University of London, and Director of the British School of Archaeology in Iraq.)

The progress of the excavations at Nimrud, the ancient Assyrian Calah, since 1949 has been described in seven previous issues of "The Illustrated London News," July 22 and 29, 1950, July 28 and August 4, 1951, and August 9, 16 and 23, 1952. The following article is a record of the fifth campaign in the spring of 1953. The work has been conducted under the auspices of the British School of Archaeology in Iraq and directed throughout by Professor Mallowan. The expedition was also generously supported by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, the Ashmolean Museum and Griffith Institute, Oxford, Cambridge University, the City Museum and Art Gallery of Birmingham, the Australian Institute of Archaeology, Melbourne, the University of Durham, Penguin Books, Ltd. The Iraq Petroleum Company provided machinery and invaluable equipment, and also arranged for the taking of a number of air-photographs.

The staff of the expedition was composed as follows: The Director was assisted by his wife, Agatha Christie, the author. Messrs. R. W. Hamilton and J. H. Reid did the surveying. Mr. D. J. Wiseman was released by the Trustees of the British Museum to decipher the Assyrian inscriptions, and was assisted in this work by Miss Barbara Parker, who also undertook the photography. General assistants in the field: Miss Joan L. Lines and Mr. P. Hulin. Sir Allen and Lady Lane were at Nimrud for a part of the season and the latter made copies of the Assyrian frescoes. Sayyid Izzet Din es Sanduq, from the Iraq Antiquities Department, once again rendered invaluable service on the survey, and in the task of cataloguing. Last but not least, our warmest thanks are due to the Director-General of the Iraq Antiquities

the finest treasures once possessed by the Assyrian kings, but also historical, religious and business documents of absorbing interest. These discoveries have been made within buildings that can now be accurately dated by inscriptions. We can therefore follow the varying fortunes of this great military capital, together with many striking developments that occurred in art and architecture between the years 883 B.C., when the city was rebuilt, and 612 B.C., when its authority came to an end. During that time its population



FIG. 1. A ROCK-CRYSTAL PENDANT WITH A COPPER LOOP FOUND IN THE PALACE OF KING ADAD-NIRARI III. AND DATING FROM ABOUT 800 B.C. EXACTLY SUCH EAR-RINGS ARE SHOWN IN MONUMENTS AS WORN BY THE KING AND HIS NOBLES. (RIGHT.) A ROCK-CRYSTAL SEAL, FROM THE SAME SOURCE, WITH ITS IMPRESSION.

of Phoenician, and possibly of Aramaean workmanship. The discovery of unfinished ivories and of elephants' tusks also indicates that much of the ivory work was executed within the Royal workshops, where we have also found lists of tusks issued from store.

In previous campaigns our digging had been almost entirely confined to the heavily defended inner city—the akropolis: this year we made a determined effort to see what might lie buried in the outer town, the great mud-brick walls of which, still clearly visible, enclose a once populated ground more than two square miles in area. At first a series of trial trenches only disclosed poor remains of private houses and scattered burials, but eventually, at the north-west corner of the outer town, we began to strike huge mud-brick walls, the tops of which had actually been shattered by ploughing. We soon realised that we had struck an official building of no mean dimensions, and after some days of excavation we began to recover the plan of courtyards and majestic halls that were clearly the remains of a great palace. The authorship of this building was eventually proved by the discovery of inscribed bricks stamped with the name of King Adad-Nirari III., 810-782 B.C. Another season's work would be required to excavate this completely, for it is estimated that the palace must occupy more than one acre of ground and the walls are still preserved to a great height—in places, over 12 ft. This huge structure (Fig. 9) lies half-a-mile beyond the outer wall of the akropolis and nearly a mile north of an administrative building erected by the same king to house his governor, whose office was situated within the inner city. The discovery of a king's dwelling so far from the akropolis, yet still protected by the outer walls of the town, is striking evidence of the great size of the Assyrian capitals in the ninth century B.C. Completely to excavate city and town might well keep three generations of archaeologists occupied for a century!

The Palace of Adad-Nirari III. (Figs. 10-13) was appropriately decorated for the son of Sammuramat, the famous Assyrian queen mother, whose fame still persisted for the Greeks under the name of the legendary Semiramis. She had held office as Regent for two years while her son was in his minority, and had dedicated statues to Nabu, god of learning and of the arts. Her son made his palace glorious within, and



FIG. 2. A STONE AMULET, FROM THE LATE DEBRIS OF THE BURNED PALACE (c. 640 B.C.). PROBABLY SYRIAN IN ORIGIN AND SHOWING AN ENTHRONED VEGETATION GOD HOLDING A TREE. THE SYMBOLS ARE THE CRESCENT MOON, A STAG AND A BULL-HORNED PILLAR WITH FILLETS.

Department, Dr. Naji el Asil, and to his colleagues who, as always, applied their skill and good offices to furthering the work at Nimrud. The two photographs of the "Monna Lisa of Nimrud" which appeared in

fluctuated, from about 70,000 souls at the beginning, perhaps to half that figure in its decline. A substantial portion of the population consisted of foreigners displaced from Northern Syria and other parts of the Assyrian Empire by various kings, and these persons must have given serious trouble to those in authority on more than one occasion. Indeed, one of the major discoveries has been the proof that at the end of Sargon's reign in the year 705 B.C. many of the buildings in the inner city were destroyed in the course of a revolution, a terrible event about which the Assyrian records have been understandably silent, yet the ashes caused by the fires of destruction, which buried documents dated to just before that year, are as eloquent as any written chronicle. Calah, however, recovered from this shock early in Sennacherib's reign, and continued to prosper until the death of Assur-bani-pal; thereafter the city once again suffered a violent sack from which, in spite of his successors' efforts, the place never fully recovered. The various disasters that occurred may therefore in more than one instance have been due to the aliens that lived within the confines of the town,



FIG. 3. A MINIATURE BRONZE FROG, PROBABLY USED AS A WEIGHT AND FOUND IN ROOM 12 OF THE PALACE OF ADAD-NIRARI III., c. 800 B.C. ACTUAL LENGTH 1.8 CM. (c. 3/4-IN.).

had his walls covered with brilliantly-coloured frescoes. The designs consisted of pomegranate, floral and geometric patterns in continuous broad bands 6 ft. above the level of the floor. Concentric circles and cushion-like lozenges surmounted by tiered battlements added to the variety; cobalt blue, red, black and white



FIG. 4. OF GREAT IMPORTANCE AS A LANDMARK IN THE HISTORY OF IVORY CARVING: AN IVORY STRIP, PARTLY RESTORED, SHOWING GAZELLE KNEELING ON EITHER SIDE OF A PALMETTE. SINCE IT WAS DISCOVERED IN THE PALACE OF ADAD-NIRARI III., IT CAN BE

DATED TO c. 800 B.C.; AND THE ANIMATED MOVEMENT OF THE ANIMALS CONTRASTS WITH THE STIFFNESS OF EARLIER IVORIES. THIS IVORY CARVING IS CONSIDERED TO BE PURELY ASSYRIAN IN STYLE.

"The Illustrated London News" of August 8, are by Antran, of Baghdad.

THE year 1953 has marked the completion of a five-year plan which aimed at the attainment of certain definite scientific and historical objectives within the ancient Kingdom of Assyria. For five successive seasons Nimrud, Calah of the Old Testament, has continued to yield to the spade not only many

but many of them had no doubt helped in their time to adorn the city, for we know that the Assyrian kings combed Western Asia not only in search of the treasure that was to be obtained abroad, but also to obtain the services of the best craftsmen in the Near East. This is proved both from the records, which give lists of the foreign booty captured in the course of the Assyrian campaigns, and from the objects themselves, particularly some of the ivories which bear the stamp

pigments were used to render the building alive with colour. Unfortunately, the seepage of damp had in many places obliterated the painting, but enough remained to enable us to trace and reconstruct the original scheme.

The most striking discovery was the King's bathroom (Figs. 12-13), which still contained within it the paraphernalia required for his ablutions. This room alone was inscribed with his name. Let into the floor

(Continued opposite)

"THE SEVEN DEVILS" OF NIMRUD; AND ANCIENT ASSYRIAN "GUARDIAN ANGELS."

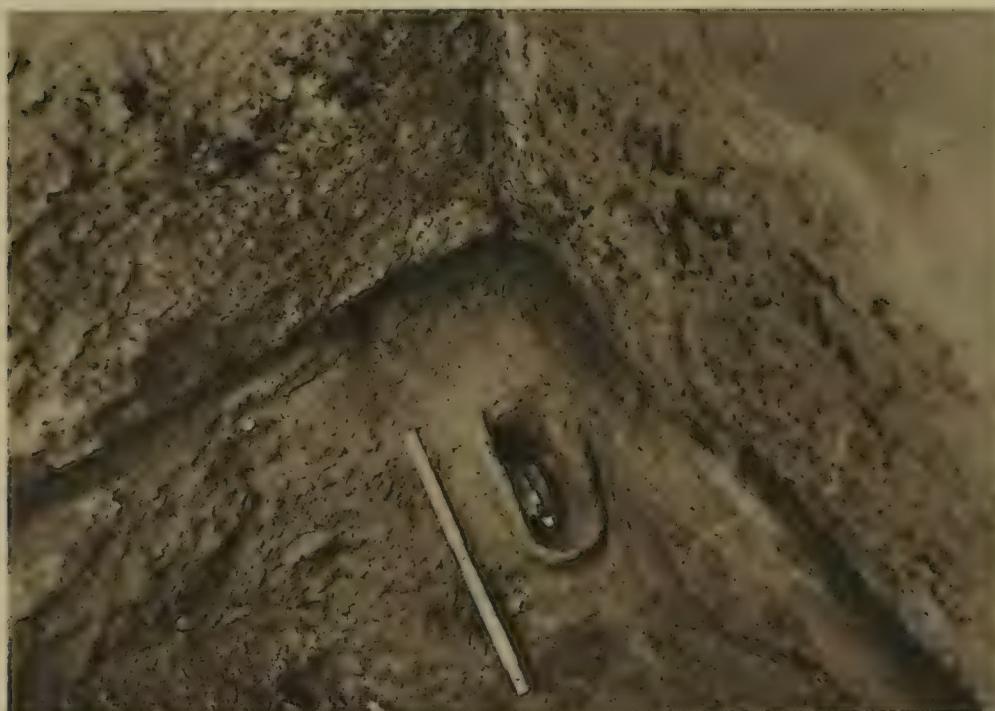


FIG. 5. ASSYRIAN "GUARDIAN ANGELS": A CLAY BOX UNDER THE FLOOR OF THE "BURNED PALACE" AT NIMRUD, CONTAINING PAINTED CLAY FIGURES. SUCH RITUAL DEPOSITS ARE WELL KNOWN FROM REFERENCES IN ASSYRIAN TEXTS.

Continued.

were two great stone slabs, one with a curved end, the place on which he must once have stood while his attendants performed the necessary ritual. Still standing against the walls were the great water-jars; those filled with water and ready for service were the right way up; those that had been used and were empty at the time when the last bath was taken were upside down. In the floor there was a drain with a stone plug; little niches in the wall could have contained small utensils. The room was well-ventilated, for there were slanting air holes in the wall cut down from the roof (Fig. 12). A broad recess on the eastern side of the room carried one of the most brilliantly executed frescoes in the building, a spirited design of a pair of bulls with their heads turned back, standing in heraldic fashion on either side of a great sun-disc. A similar scheme of design was also observed on a number of delicately engraved ivories which were found mutilated and burnt in a corridor of the same building. One of these reconstructed strips (Fig. 4) is finely engraved with heraldic gazelles and palmette designs. These and other ivory fragments from the same building are of great importance as a landmark in the history of ivory carving. They are purely Assyrian in style, executed eighty years later than those from the north-west Palace of Assur-nasir-pal II. and less stiff in execution; carved c. 800 B.C., they are nearly a century older than the superb ivories from the burnt palace, where a strong Phoenician and Egyptian influence has made its mark in addition to the Assyrian style. Adad-Nirari's palace, like many other buildings in Calah, had been destroyed and sacked, and little remained of the treasures which it must once have housed. In the débris, however, we discovered a remarkable ear-ring which consisted of a rock-crystal drop-pendant (Fig. 1) suspended from a copper loop; the original of a piece of jewellery worn by the King on the monuments of the ninth century B.C. One or two cylinder seals and a number of seventh-century burials were found in the blown sand which had accumulated in the palace after its destruction; the precise date of which is still unknown. While work was going on in Adad-Nirari's Palace many interesting discoveries were being made in the inner city (Figs. 5-8). Amongst the most remarkable was a series of small magical figures of sun-dried clay, which were probably made at about the same date as the objects previously described—perhaps a little before 800 B.C. These figurines were found in a building called the "Burnt Palace," already familiar to readers of *The Illustrated London News* as a prolific source of ivories, and other objects such as Fig. 2. This season, underlying that which had already produced so much treasure, we found the remains of a yet older palace which had preceded that of the ivories. The foundation of this earlier building had been attended by an interesting ritual practice.

[Continued overleaf.]



FIG. 7. "THE SEVEN DEVILS"—THE APKALLU, OR "WISE ONES," IN A FOUNDATION BOX UNDER THE "BURNED PALACE." THEIR DUTY WAS TO PURIFY A HOUSE AND TO PROTECT IT AGAINST EVIL SPIRITS. SEE ALSO FIG. 8.



FIG. 6. GUARDIAN SPIRITS, FOUND BURIED IN THE CORNERS OF ROOMS IN THE "BURNED PALACE." THE TOP THREE ARE THE "FISH-MEN," WHO WERE FOUND SINGLY; THE BOTTOM FOUR ARE THE "WEAPON-BEARERS," BEARDED MEN CARRYING SPEARS IN FRONT OF THEM.



FIG. 8. FOUR TYPICAL APKALLU—BENEFICENT DEMONS. THEY ARE OF PAINTED CLAY, HAVE PINCHED, BIRD-LIKE HEADS AND ARE WINGED. THE LEFT ARM HOLDS A BUCKET, THE RIGHT CLUTCHES SOME OBJECT TO THE BREAST.

THE ROYAL PALACE OF ADAD-NIRARI III.: A NEW FIND IN NIMRUD'S VAST RUINS.



FIG. 9. AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE HUGE AREA OF NIMRUD, ANCIENT CALAH. THE TWO SQUARE MILES OF THE WHOLE CITY TAKE UP NEARLY ALL THE PHOTOGRAPH. AT THE RIGHT UPPER CORNER OF THE WALLS IS THE INNER CITY, WITH THE ZIGGURAT PROMINENT. ALONG THIS SIDE FLOWED THE TIGRIS FORMERLY, AND THE ROUNDED BLUFF (LOWER RIGHT) IS THE SITE OF THE PALACE OF ADAD-NIRARI III. (Photograph by Courtesy of the Iraq Petroleum Company.)

Continued.

In many of the rooms, underneath the floors, small clay boxes had been deposited, and in the boxes little painted figures. These were sometimes single (Fig. 6), in which case they were bearded male warriors; sometimes in sets of seven, devils with pinched, birdlike heads (Fig. 8), represented as winged, right hand to the breast, holding some object, left arm extended and holding a bucket. The pinions of the spread wings are painted with black stripes and there are wing-like markings on the backs. All of these devils had originally been partly coated with a white plaster. Thanks to Assyrian and Babylonian ritual texts which describe in detail the various types and their names, we know much about these statuettes. On occasion they were used to assist in expelling devils from the sick; another of their functions was for the purification of a house and to protect it against evil spirits, which was obviously their purpose here. Grotesque and demonic in appearance as are the seven, it would seem that they were so made on the principle of "set a thief to catch a thief." Assyrians and Babylonians lived in great fear of demons, but they could command good *genii* to fight the bad. The seven were known as the *Apkalle*—the seven sages, and how closely these figures correspond with the texts that describe

[Continued below]



FIG. 10. PART OF THE RECENTLY EXCAVATED PALACE OF ADAD-NIRARI III. WITH, IN THE BACKGROUND, THE ZIGGURAT AND THE MOUND OF THE INNER CITY.

Continued.

them may be seen from the following translation by Dr. O. R. Gurney of a cuneiform tablet from Assur: "seven clay statues of the Wise Ones, furnished with faces of birds and wings, carrying in their right hands a 'purifier' and in their left a ritual-cup, clad in gypsum, cloaked with wings of birds on their shoulders, bury in the foundation of the house . . . recite before them the incantation: 'Ye statues of Wise Ones, watchmen!'" Other texts mention the painting of the statues and a ritual which took place in the corners of the rooms. These figurines were the "weapon-bearers," illustrated by bearded men armed with spears, who together with the "fish-men"



FIG. 11. INSIDE THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED PALACE OF ADAD-NIRARI III. ON THE WALLS ARE TRACES OF FRESCOES. THE PAVEMENT (CENTRE) IS OF A LATER TENANCY.

(Fig. 6), were found singly in the corners facing inwards. Such magic has had an immensely long survival, as witness the nursery rhyme:

Four corners to my bed
Four angels round my head

One to watch and one to pray
And two to bear my soul away.

As to "the seven," they have probably always been a significant number in the history of magic, and they still live unforgettable for us in the New Testament account of the casting out of the seven devils.



FIG. 12. THE BATHROOM OF THE ASSYRIAN KING, ADAD-NIRARI III., NEWLY DISCOVERED AT NIMRUD. ON THE SLAB ON THE RIGHT, THE KING MUST HAVE STOOD WHILE HIS SERVANTS POURED WATER OVER HIM. ABOVE THE TWO STORAGE NICHES RUNS A BROAD BAND OF FRESCOES; AND, LEFT, IS A VENTILATION SHAFT.



FIG. 13. IN THE BATHROOM OF ADAD-NIRARI III. THE FLOOR IS PAVED WITH BRICKS BEARING HIS NAME INSCRIBED, COATED WITH BITUMEN TO MAKE THE FLOOR WATERPROOF. THE DRAIN IS RIGHT CENTRE. THE TURNED-DOWN JARS ARE EMPTY FROM THE LAST BATH TAKEN THERE, THE UP-TURNED WERE LEFT FULL.

A ROYAL BATHROOM OF 2750 YEARS AGO: WHERE THE SERVANTS OF ADAD-NIRARI III. BATHED THE ASSYRIAN KING—AS IT WAS WHEN DISASTER INTERRUPTED ITS USE. A NEW AND REMARKABLE DISCOVERY AT NIMRUD.



BY the oddest and most fortunate of chances I found myself on a recent Saturday at King's Lynn, just when that agreeable town, with its Flemish air and seafaring traditions, was about to inaugurate its annual festival, which it did with singular light-heartedness in what is surely one of the noblest buildings in these islands, the Guildhall of St. George, not so long ago rescued from decay by patriots of the locality, among whom is numbered a near neighbour from Sandringham, H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, who was once again Patron of the Festival. Now festivals are common enough—indeed, they proliferate in these islands, and three cheers for that; for why should London have all the good things of life?—but normally they are concerned with music and the theatre, and rarely stray beyond those limits. King's Lynn provided these in good measure, from the Netherlands Chamber Choir to Emlyn Williams, and added a talk on Practical Gastronomy, a Folk Dancing Display (a very particular horror of mine), an exhibition of Dolls of the Past, mostly on loan from Norfolk families,



FIG. 2. "JEREMIAS VAN COLLEN (1608-1676), HIS WIFE SUSANNA VAN UFFELEN AND THEIR TWELVE CHILDREN ON THE TERRACE OF A PARK; IN THE BACKGROUND VELSERBEEK MANOR"; BY PIETER VAN ANRAADT (LATTER HALF OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY). (*The Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam.*) (42 by 61 ins.)

This painting "shows an enormous family—father, mother and twelve children, but such nice, well-mannered gambolling children you were compelled to smile back at each and every one of them."

and fascinating not merely to young and old girls but to all parents; and a small exhibition of Conversation Pieces of the seventeenth and eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, which is a very enterprising thing to attempt on such an occasion. The pictures were mainly from local sources, with notable help from the Royal Netherlands Government; H.M. the Queen loaned the famous Zoffany "Queen Charlotte in Her Dressing-room," from Windsor Castle. The term conversation-piece was stretched a good deal to include one or two straightforward portraits, and even bear and badger baiting, and such an agreeable example of eighteenth-century romanticism as "The Vegetable Seller" of Fig. 1, by Joseph Van Aken (1709-1749).

Looking back, and still purring at the memory, I realise now that the whole tone of the show was set by the platform party, which automatically and without previous consultation provided a conversation-piece of great liveliness and elegance all by itself, its brightness heightened by a sparkling little speech by Mr. Edward Seago. After that vivacious twentieth-century living picture, we were in a proper frame of mind for the more sedate seventeenth- and eighteenth-century conversation-pieces downstairs, or, rather, in the undercroft, for we should have regard for the niceties in speaking of mediæval buildings of such quality. In the strict sense, a conversation-piece is a family group, or a group of friends, spread about the canvas in more or less easy attitudes, not obviously aware that their portraits are being painted; but I, for one, have no complaints that so narrow a definition was disregarded in this exhibition; indeed, the inclusion of such a picture as this Van Aken seems to show how the formula was adapted to informal portraiture from scenes of ordinary life. It is but a short step from this very charming bit of greengrocery in a landscape with anonymous figures to a group of Mr. and Mrs. X and their children and a friend or

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A SPARKLING AFTERNOON IN THE COUNTY OF NORFOLK

By FRANK DAVIS.

two on the terrace of their home, with the park and a lake in the background. What I must confess I did not realise until I saw this picture, and another, much smaller, by the same hand, belonging to Mr. F. F. Madan, also in the exhibition, was the near-Gainsboroughishness of Van Aken, nor his competence, though, to be sure, Gainsborough was only twenty-two when Van Aken died, so there can be no direct influence. There are numerous delightful passages—for example, the man on the right and the woman down the slope in the middle distance—beautiful little touches here, and in the still life, and, indeed, in all the figures; what weakness there is is confined to the landscape. When this formula of the *genre* picture is translated into the conversation-piece as such, you get an

I know he was a new name to me—Pieter van Anraadt (latter half, seventeenth century). This (Fig. 2) came from the Rijksmuseum and showed an enormous family



FIG. 1. "THE VEGETABLE SELLER"; BY JOSEPH VAN AKEN (1709-1749); SHOWN AT THE KING'S LYNN FESTIVAL EXHIBITION. (Mr. G. Baron Ash.) (32½ by 43½ ins.)

"What I must confess I did not realise until I saw this picture and another, much smaller, by the same hand, belonging to Mr. F. F. Madan, also in the exhibition, was the near-Gainsboroughishness of Van Aken."

amusingly self-conscious Arthur Devis, or such a carefully composed group as one of the Zoffany's, in which we are left in no doubt that Thomas Noel, later the 2nd Viscount Wentworth, was a Gentleman Commoner of Christchurch (from the robe and a distant prospect of Oxford); was interested in literature and the arts (he holds a book in one hand and the drawing in the other); and had three sisters, the eldest already, at least in her own estimation, a great lady (from the dignified pose and gesture and draperies), the second musical (she holds a guitar). Only the

youngest is quite carefree, and it is she who supplies a charming vivacity to a rather serious composition, a vivacity which is invariably absent from the rather plodding but oddly engaging Devis, in whom we are interested for quite other reasons. Whereas Zoffany was patronised by the distinguished, if not always by the great, Devis—who hailed from Preston—found his clients mainly among the local gentry and the merchants of Liverpool. His was, on the whole, a middle-class practice, and, consequently, of more than normal interest to the social historian who likes to look into the ordinary modest house, as well as into great mansions. As a painter it must be confessed that he is a trifle pedestrian and scared out of his wits of colour, but his honesty is beyond reproach, and there is a *naïveté* about all his portraits which keeps them fresh in the mind when others, painted with a greater flourish of trumpets, are forgotten.

The pictures from Holland included the famous "The Artist's Family" (Fig. 3), by Jan Steen (1626-1679), lent by the Mauritshuis at The Hague—one of the jolliest, heartiest, least self-conscious Dutch interiors in existence, but then Jan Steen had immense gusto, rough manners and the most delicate brush; and the liveliest family group it is possible to imagine by a man whom, I suggest, most of us had never heard of—



FIG. 3. "THE ARTIST'S FAMILY"; BY JAN STEEN (1626-1679). (*The Mauritshuis, The Hague.*) (33 by 38 ins.)

"The pictures from Holland" in the King's Lynn Loan Exhibition of Pictures, mainly Conversation Pieces arranged by Miss G. V. Barnard, writes Frank Davis in his account of the display, "included the famous 'The Artist's Family,' by Jan Steen . . . one of the jolliest, heartiest, least self-conscious Dutch interiors in existence . . ."

EVENTS OF THE WEEK AND
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

THE DEATH OF THE NAVY'S "AUNTIE MAY": THE GENEROUS MRS. HANRAHAN, OF NEW YORK, IN 1946.
Mrs. D. C. Hanrahan, whose unsparing generosity to all ranks of the Royal Navy made her name of "Auntie May" a legend, died recently in New York. The wife of Captain D. C. Hanrahan, U.S.N., at the outbreak of World War II, she adopted the whole of the Tribal class of destroyers and showered gifts upon them.

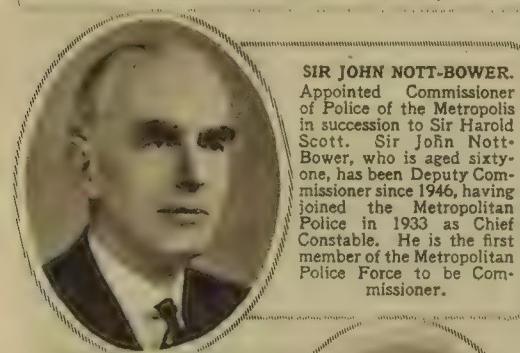


THE EISTEDDFOD: THE 1953 CHAIR BARD, THE REV. E. LLWYD WILLIAMS (CENTRE), ESCORTED TO HIS THRONE.

Our photograph (left) shows the Rev. E. Llwyd Williams, winner of the premier award of the National Eisteddfod, being escorted to his throne of honour at Rhyl by the eighty-year-old Rev. J. Dyfnalld Owen, the Archdruid-elect, and Mr. Emlyn Williams, who had earlier been initiated into the Druidic Order of the Bards of Britain. Our photograph (right) shows Dilys Cadwaladr wearing the bardic silver crown of the National Eisteddfod of Wales. She is the first woman to win it since it was instituted as an award for a poem in a free metre at the end of the last century.



THE FIRST WOMAN TO WIN THE BARDIC SILVER CROWN: DILYS CADWALADR (MRS. LEO SCHELTING).



SIR JOHN NOTT-BOWER.
Appointed Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis in succession to Sir Harold Scott. Sir John Nott-Bower, who is aged sixty-one, has been Deputy Commissioner since 1940, having joined the Metropolitan Police in 1933 as Chief Constable. He is the first member of the Metropolitan Police Force to be Commissioner.



GENERAL CARPENTIER.
Nominated Commander-Designate Allied Land Forces, Central Europe, in succession to General Juin. Gen. Carpentier, who served with distinction in both World Wars, was Chief of Staff to Gen. Juin in 1943; and in 1944 to the French First Army. Since the war he has fought in Morocco and Indo-China.



MAJOR SIR HEW KILNER
Died on August 2. Sir Hew Kilner, Deputy-Chairman of Vickers-Armstrong from 1946 until he retired last June, served as a gunner officer in World War I. He joined Vickers-Armstrong in 1930; and in 1940 became General Manager Aircraft Section; and in 1944 Managing Director (Aviation).



PRESENTING HIS LETTERS OF CREDENCE TO PRESIDENT TITO: MR. VASSILY VALJKOV (LEFT), FIRST SOVIET AMBASSADOR TO YUGOSLAVIA SINCE 1949.

Mr. Valjkov, the Soviet Union's first Ambassador to Yugoslavia since 1949, arrived in Belgrade at the end of July to take up his post. During World War II, he was Counsellor in the Russian Embassy in London and later Ambassador at The Hague. Mr. Vidic, now Ambassador at Rangoon, has been appointed Yugoslav Ambassador to Russia.



VISCOUNT HUDSON.
Appointed first Chairman of the newly-constituted Board of Governors of the Imperial Institute. Viscount Hudson, aged sixty-six, Unionist Member for Whitehaven 1924-29; and for Southport 1931-52, was Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries 1940-45, and previously Minister of Shipping. He was raised to the peerage in 1952.



MRS. EDGAR SANDERS.
To appeal to Mr. Dob, Chairman of the Hungarian Presidential Council, to release her husband, Mr. Edgar Sanders, who has been imprisoned since 1950 for alleged espionage and sabotage. Mrs. Sanders's letter is being taken to Hungary by Mr. Horvath, the Hungarian Minister in London.



ADMIRAL SIR MICHAEL DENNY.
To be C-in-C Home Fleet, in succession to Admiral Sir George Creasy, the appointment to take effect in January next. Admiral Denny entered the Navy in 1909. He was a Lord Commissioner of Admiralty, Third Sea Lord and Controller of the Navy, 1949-53.



RECEIVED BY THE PRESIDENT OF TURKEY (LEFT) AT DOLMABAGCHE PALACE: ADMIRAL LORD MOUNTBATTEN.
On July 28 President Celal Bayar of Turkey received Admiral Lord Mountbatten, who was accompanied by the British Ambassador, Sir Knox Helm (centre), and had a conversation with them. Admiral Lord Mountbatten, who is C-in-C, Mediterranean, was in command of a unit of warships paying a courtesy visit to Turkey.



A FRENCH HORSE BEATS FOXHUNTER: ALI BABA, RIDDEN BY CAPTAIN LEFRANT, OF FRANCE (RIGHT), AT DUBLIN.
Lieut.-Colonel H. M. Llewellyn and Foxhunter (left) were beaten, but by only three-fifths of a second, in the jump-off for the first International Jumping Competition at the Royal Dublin Society's Horse Show at Ballsbridge on August 4. The winner, ridden by Captain Lefrant, was the French horse and Helsinki winner Ali Baba.



THE U.S. AGAIN HOLD THE WIGHTMAN CUP: MISS M. CONNOLLY (R.), WHO DEFEATED MISS A. MORTIMER (L).
The United States have again won the Wightman Cup. In the opening match at Rye, New York, Miss M. Connolly defeated Britain's Miss A. Mortimer by 6-1, 6-1. Our photograph shows, in addition to these players, Mrs. Hazel Wightman (centre), donor of the Cup with which she inaugurated the contest thirty years ago.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

"ONE word seemed to lead on to another." This profound observation has been attributed to Dr. Johnson, when he finished writing his dictionary. And so,

to a large extent, it has been with the plant collecting that I have done from time to time. One expedition led on to another. In 1927 I went collecting in Chile, the Andes and Patagonia with Dr. Balfour Gourlay. That led to a second expedition to the same country in 1929 to get more of certain plants, seeds and bulbs which we had collected in 1927, and to secure certain other things which we had seen, or heard of, but failed to collect. That was not the end of the chain. On the voyage out to Chile we stopped for a few hours at Santander, and from there I saw distant mountains which looked most attractive. And so in 1935 I returned to Santander, a party of four, my wife, my son Joe and a young Swedish friend, to see what we could find in the Cantabrian range of mountains.

It was a rewarding and delightful little holiday, and I still grow a number of attractive plants which we brought home. We collected from two centres only. First we motored out from Santander to Covadonga, which is a great place of pilgrimage. For a couple of days we stayed at a large pilgrim's hostel. It was inexpensive, and almost painfully clean. The food was adequate, but without a thrill. At meals, at a long, near-by-table, sat a bevy of pilgrim schoolgirls to whom a sister-in-charge read aloud. From the children's expressions, we judged that what was being read was of a highly moral and uplifting character. The droning had a saddening, silencing effect on our little party. We decided to move to a large, comfortable, very jolly hotel near by. It was as well. As we left the hostel dining-room for the last time, our young Swedish friend put on a complete minx act. She loaded her lips with carmine, put on a cigarette, hitched up her already short shorts, and swaggered past those poor pilgrim schoolgirls, past the whole long tableful of them. They tried not to seem to look at the provocative outrage, but eyes standing out on stalks can not easily be concealed. Feeling like fish too long out of water, we soon rehydrated at the hospitable hotel, and almost at once, within a hundred yards of the building, came upon a really important plant find. In mounds of stone rubble at the foot of small cliff outcrops grew a campanula of the harebell persuasion. The flowers were deeper in colour than the British harebell, *Campanula rotundifolia*, and one particular plant—which we collected—had bells of the deepest rich violet. It was a really distinct, and outstandingly beautiful thing. It survived the journey home, and later survived the risks—neglect and bombing—of war, at Stevenage. Shown at the R.H.S. it was pronounced a form of *Campanula scheuchzeri*, and as *C. s. var. covadonga* it received an Award of Merit 1939. It is a strikingly beautiful rock-garden or wall-garden plant, and makes a delightful companion for another campanula, "King Lauren," which my wife and I collected in the Dolomites in June 1914. "King Lauren" has the same 6- to 9-in. stature and

habit as "Covadonga," but its bells are a soft rosy lilac. From Covadonga we made an all-day expedition in quest of a campanula which a friend had found but failed to collect a year or two before. I forgot the name of this species, though I do remember that our friend's description of it lured us on, hour after hour, until we found all ahead and above so deep in snow that plant-hunting became hopeless. But that day was by no means wasted. Far and high up among the mountains, amid swirling mists and the wildest scenery, we heard—and saw—a shepherd lad, perched, solitary, on a rock, playing the local form of bagpipes; playing, as far

TREASURE FROM SPAIN.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

as he was concerned, to no audience except the Alpine chough and marmots, an eagle, perhaps, soaring high above, and his sheep. A perfect setting for that strange, exciting, droning skirl.

We found, too, one plant which has since made good. This was *Linaria faucicola*, which is like an enlarged edition of the beautiful little *Linaria alpina*, which is such a familiar sight amid the scree and shingles of the high Alps. The plant forms mats, 6 to 9 ins. or a trifle more across, of prostrate stems,

and springs up readily from seed, yet it need never be a nuisance, as its root-hold on the soil is so frail that any seedlings that may appear in tactless places can be wedged out with the greatest ease. In my garden *Linaria faucicola* has naturalised very happily in a limestone gravel path, which comes right up to the west wall of the house at a point where a projecting bed forms a sort of bay in which there is very little traffic. Here it seeds about, mixing on friendly terms with colonies of *Campanula pusilla*, and a few self-sown single pinks, of unknown parentage, and nice, homely, unsophisticated appearance. This *linaria* is not a long-lived species. I would guess its expectation of life to be two, or perhaps three, years at most, but it seeds and springs up so readily that this does not matter. From Covadonga we went on to Aliva, and spent a week or so at a primitive but delightful mountain hut. To reach Aliva we motored to a village—whose name I forget—which was the nearest point that could be reached by road. Here we slept a night, and went on to our hut next day on foot, with mules to carry our baggage. In a hayfield just below our village I spotted a plant which has since turned out a useful and beautiful garden flower. It was a form of *Prunella grandiflora*. In the past I had known, and grown, and never greatly liked the ordinary *P. grandiflora*, with its heads of reddish-purple hooded flowers. There was plenty of this in the hay field, but shining out 50 yards away was one solitary specimen, with flowers of a clear, soft, luminous lavender blue—too good a plant to be allowed to waste its substance

as mere hay for cattle. My son waded in and collected it. In the garden it is free-flowering and indestructible. A useful thing for the rougher parts of the rock garden, and excellent in the forefront of the herbaceous or mixed flower border. In early summer its heads of blossom on 9- to 12-in. stems stand in close formation, a crowd of loveliness which suggested its baptismal name *Prunella grandiflora* "Loveliness." The plant breeds true from seed, except that occasionally it throws odd seedlings with snow-white blossoms, which are most attractive.

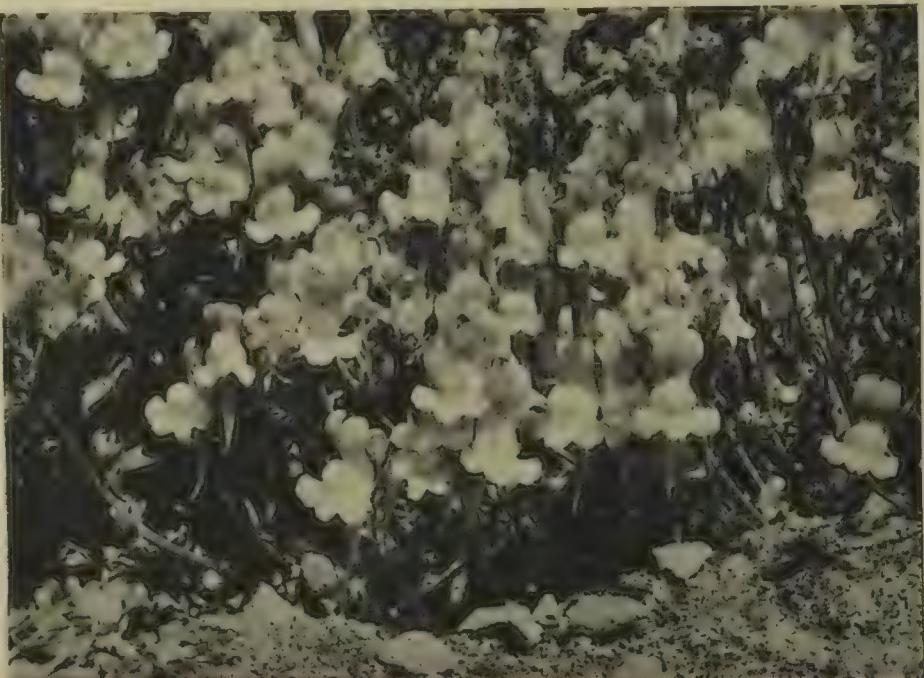
Up at Aliva we found *Campanula arvatica*, very abundant on a rocky slope near our hut, but, unfortunately, although we were able to collect it, we were too early to see it in flower and look out for good varieties. It is a pretty dwarf with bright violet wide-open bells. I was glad to find *Arenaria purpurascens* at Aliva. I had known it for years—in captivity—but had never met it "at home." And the form that grew there was distinct from the *purpurascens* that was in general cultivation, whose flowers were pale lilac. Here all the plants had pale-pink blossoms. They varied a good deal, some paler, some darker pink. I spent

some hours looking for the most pronounced pink, and although I failed to find a really sensational rose pink, the best that I got, now in cultivation, was worth the name *Arenaria purpurascens* "Elliott's Variety," if only to distinguish it from the old pale-lilac type. Those were the best of the plants which we brought from Spain. There were others of course, but none, as far as I can remember, which seem likely to remain permanently in cultivation as honoured guests.

There was one plant, however, which I still mourn, having failed miserably to get it home alive. This was a form of the beautiful "St. Dabeoc's Heath," *Menziesia polifolia*, which instead of the normal fat, round bells, had tubular bells very nearly an inch in length. I collected this most carefully, and posted it off to a friend who was clever with such plants, and had the right soil and climate for it. The journey was too much for it. It lingered—and died.



"A DELIGHTFUL PLANT FOR THE ROCK GARDEN, ESPECIALLY IN SHINGLY PLACES . . . AND RIDICULOUSLY EASY TO GROW": *Linaria faucicola*, GROWING IN THE "BILLIARD-TABLE" MR. ELLIOTT MENTIONED A FEW WEEKS AGO, WITH, IN THE LEFT-HAND CORNER, A PLANT OF *Dianthus boydii*.



A CLOSE-UP OF *Linaria faucicola*: "PROSTRE STEMS . . . WITH SNAPDRAGON FLOWERS, VARYING IN DIFFERENT SPECIMENS FROM LAVENDER TO VIOLET, PINK OR ROSY LILAC. IN SOME, THE LIPS OF THE FLOWERS ARE YELLOW, IN OTHERS ALMOST WHITE." [Photographs by J. R. Jameson.]

each of which carries a number of snapdragon flowers, varying in different specimens from lavender to violet, pink, or rosy lilac. In some, the lips of the flowers are yellow, in others almost white. A delightful plant for the rock garden, especially in shingly places, at path sides, and ridiculously easy to grow. It seeds freely,

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A PICTORIAL COMMENTARY ON RECENT EVENTS: THE CAMERA AS RECORDER.



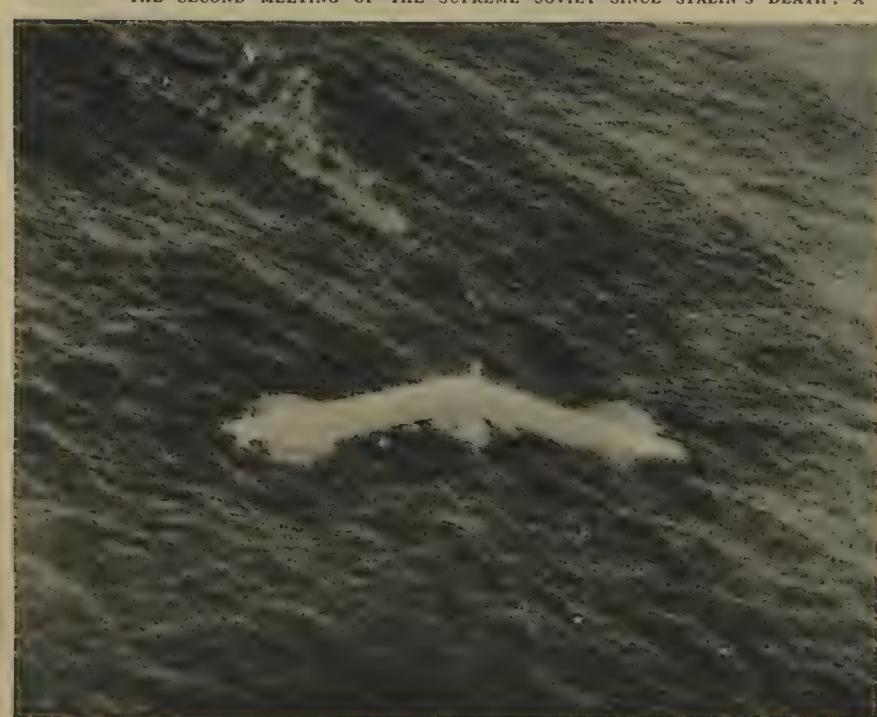
COMMEMORATING THE FATHER OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY: A MEMORIAL PLAQUE TO COMMODORE JOHN PAUL JONES UNVEILED AT KIRKBEAN, KIRKCUDBRIGHT. The U.S. Ambassador, Mr. Winthrop Aldrich, and Vice-Admiral J. Wright, Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Naval Forces, Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean, were present on July 30 when a memorial plaque to Commodore John Paul Jones was unveiled on the wall of a cottage at Kirkbean, Kirkcudbright, where he was born in July 1747.



WITH AN ESCORT OF YEOMEN WARDERS: LIEUT. R. O. V. STONEY, R.N., AND HIS BRIDE, LEAVING THE CHAPEL ROYAL, H.M. TOWER OF LONDON. The marriage took place on August 8 of Lieut. R. O. V. Stoney, R.N., and the Hon. Kathleen Benita Brooke, daughter of Field Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke, Constable of the Tower of London, and Viscountess Alanbrooke, in the Chapel Royal, H.M. Tower of London. A reception was held in the Tower grounds and the bridal pair were escorted by Yeomen Warders.



THE SECOND MEETING OF THE SUPREME SOVIET SINCE STALIN'S DEATH: A VIEW OF THE PROCEEDINGS, WITH THE FINANCE MINISTER, M. ZVEREV, SPEAKING. The Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. recently met in Moscow for the second time since Stalin's death. At its closing session on August 8 the Soviet Prime Minister, M. Malenkov, in reviewing Russian foreign policy, said: "The Government deems it necessary to report to the Supreme Soviet that the United States has no monopoly in the production of the hydrogen bomb." Our photograph shows the Finance Minister, M. Zverev, presenting the Budget for 1953 and reporting on the 1951-52 Budget. His speech was the most moderate for eight years. M. Malenkov may be seen third from left, with nine other leaders on the dais behind the Chairman and Deputy Chairmen of the Council of Nationalities and the Council of the Union.



A DISASTER IN WHICH NINETEEN LIVES WERE LOST: THE WRECKAGE OF A U.S. CONVAIR B-36 BOMBER AS SEEN FROM THE AIR. As described on another page in this issue, nineteen lives were lost when a U.S. Convair B-36 bomber crashed into the Atlantic on August 5. The search operations were controlled entirely by the U.S. Air Force rescue organisation at Ruislip, Middlesex, but the R.A.F. air-sea rescue service stood by during the search and made two sorties at the request of the U.S. authorities.



THE DERAILMENT OF THE ROYAL SCOT EUSTON TO GLASGOW TRAIN NEAR ABINGTON: AN ACCIDENT IN WHICH NO LIVES WERE LOST. On August 8 the Royal Scot train from Euston to Glasgow became derailed near Abington and three coaches turned over on their sides. Twenty-nine persons were injured, none seriously, and there was no loss of life. The front portion of the train was able to continue its journey but wreckage blocked the main line for some hours.

"A REFLECTION OF BRITISH TASTE": OLD MASTER DRAWINGS AT THE R.A.

THE Exhibition of Drawings by Old Masters, which was due to open on August 13 at the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy, Burlington House, Piccadilly, is described in the foreword to the catalogue by Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A., as "a reflection of British taste and collecting past and present." On this and the following page we reproduce a selection of the drawings on view. The Allan Ramsay drawing illustrated bears the inscription on the back in the artist's hand: "A country girl at Surrentum, September 1776." The

(Continued below.)



"TREE STUDY": BY JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A. (1776-1837). SIGNED AND DATED "J. C. 1815." PENCIL. (28½ by 19 ins.) (Mr. Gilbert Davis.)



"HEAD OF A GIRL": BY ALLAN RAMSAY (1713-1784). RED CHALK WASHED OVER, HEIGHTENED WITH WHITE. (12½ by 8½ ins.) (Sir Bruce S. Ingram.)



"THE VIRGIN ON THE GLOBE": BY G. B. TIEPOLO (1696-1770). PEN, SEPIA AND YELLOW WASH OVER BLACK CHALK. (18 by 12 ins.) (Mrs. Tomas Harris.)



"FOREST SCENE": BY G. VAN CONINXLOO (1544-1607). BRUSH, INDIAN INK AND BODY COLOUR ON DARK GREY PAPER. (21½ by 16½ ins.) (Mr. H. L. Bradfer-Lawrence.)



"A LADY STANDING": BY WILLEM BUYTEWECH (1591/2-1624). POINT OF THE BRUSH AND GREY WASH. (7½ by 3½ ins.) (Mr. F. F. Madan.)



"ST. NICHOLAS OF BARI REBUKING THE TEMPEST": BY A. ALTDORFER (1480-1538). PEN, INK AND BODY COLOUR ON A RED PREPARATION. (8½ by 6½ ins.) (Ashmolean.)



"BUST OF A GIRL": BY ANTOINE WATTEAU (1684-1721). RED CHALK. (7½ by 5½ ins.) (Lady Joan Zuckerman. Formerly Violet Lady Melchett Collection.)



"A DOG": BY CLAUDE-MICHEL CLODION (1738-1814). BLACK AND WHITE CHALKS ON BLUE PAPER. (10 by 8½ ins.) (Lent by Mrs. H. Calmann.)



"HEAD OF A YOUNG WOMAN": BY IL PARMIGIANINO (1503-1546). SILVER POINT, AND BODY COLOUR ON PINKISH-GREY PREPARATION. (4¾ by 3½ ins.) (Fitzwilliam.)

Continued.

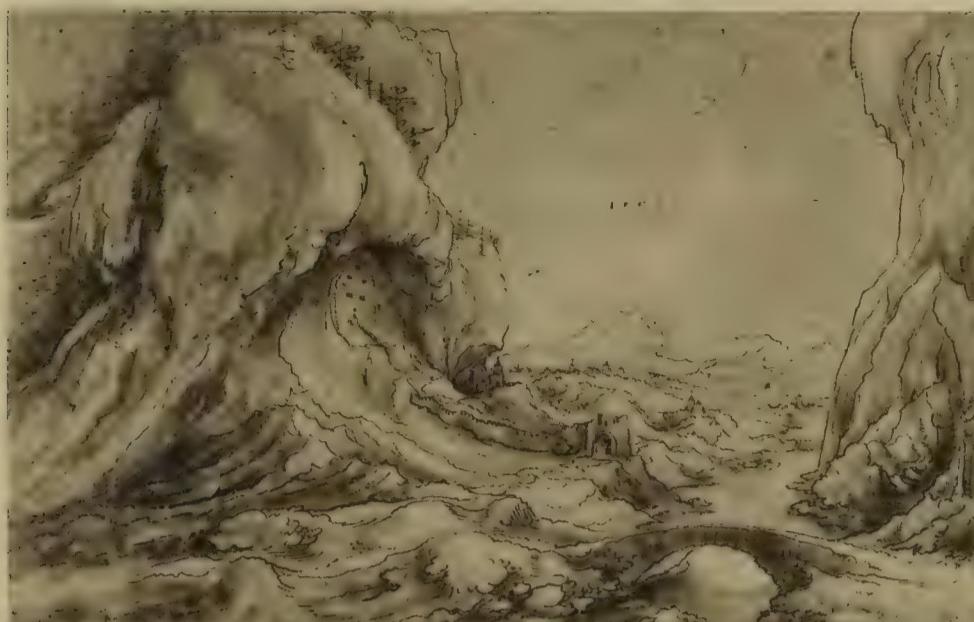
Tiepolo drawing of the Virgin on the Globe is a design for a processional wand. The Altdorfer of "St. Nicholas Rebuking the Tempest" is signed "A.A." in a monogram and dated 1508. The Clodion drawing of a dog is a study for a terracotta

by Francesco Mazzuola, known as Il Parmigianino, was at one time in the collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

figure known as "La Gimblette," in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, Paris. The "Head of a Young Woman"

by Francesco Mazzuola, known as Il Parmigianino, was at one time in the collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

A BURLINGTON HOUSE LOAN EXHIBITION: NOTABLE OLD MASTER DRAWINGS.



"ROCKY LANDSCAPE WITH A BRIDGE"; BY WOLFGANG HUBER (c. 1490-1553). PEN AND INK AND GREY WASH. SIGNED "W. H." ALTERED TO "H. H." AND DATED 1552. ONE OF THE LATEST KNOWN EXAMPLES OF THE ARTIST'S WORK. (8½ by 13 ins.) (University College, London.)



"THE FLUTE PLAYER"; BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN (1606-1669). PEN AND BISTRE WASH, c. 1635. ONE OF THE REMBRANDT DRAWINGS ON EXHIBITION IN THE DIPLOMA GALLERY, BURLINGTON HOUSE. (6 by 5½ ins.) (Mr. G. M. Gathorne-Hardy.)



"A LITTLE BOY (THE ARTIST'S SON) CUTTING BUTTER"; BY JEAN-ETIENNE LIOTARD (1702-1789). RED AND BLUE CHALKS TOUCHED WITH BLACK CHALK ON BLUE PAPER. INSCRIBED "MR. J. R. LIOTARD, FILS DU PEINTRE." (18½ by 22½ ins.) (Mrs. J. H. Hirsch.)



"SLEEPING CHILD"; BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHER (1703-1770). COLOURED CHALKS AND WATER-COLOUR. IN COMMON WITH THE OTHERS REPRODUCED, THIS DRAWING IS ON VIEW IN THE DIPLOMA GALLERY, ROYAL ACADEMY. (9 by 11½ ins.) (Mrs. Clifford Curzon.)



"A GARDEN SCENE"; BY SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640). BLACK CHALK, PEN AND BROWN WASH, WITH A LITTLE BODY COLOUR. DATING FROM 1620-25. (12½ by 15½ ins.) (The Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.)



"VENUS EMBRACING CUPID AT THE FORGE OF VULCAN." NORTH ITALIAN SCHOOL. PEN AND BROWN INK. THIS DRAWING HAS BEEN ASCRIBED TO THE FERRARESE SCHOOL, BUT IT MIGHT BE VENETIAN. (11½ by 15½ ins.) (Mrs. A. C. Rayner Wood.)

The Loan Exhibition of Drawings by Old Masters arranged in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy, Burlington House, was due to open on August 13, and will continue throughout September. The works on view, which include examples by British artists, and of many of the chief Continental schools of various periods, were selected by Mr. James Byam Shaw and Dr. K. T. Parker. The earliest is a Siennese school drawing of an Archer; and the selection we reproduce gives an idea of the importance and beauty of the exhibition. In the foreword to the catalogue Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A., draws attention to the fact that many celebrated

British painters of the past—including Lely and Richardson, Nathaniel Hone, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Edward Poynter, Ricketts and Charles Shannon—were deeply interested in drawings, and made large and important collections; and thus the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy is a particularly suitable place to hold such a display as the present exhibition. The North Italian drawing of "Venus Embracing Cupid at the Forge of Vulcan" is of high grade and undoubtedly charm. The name of Francesco Cossa has been mentioned in connection with it; but it might be Venetian.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

COURT AND PERSONAL.

By J. C. TREWIN

IN the printed text of "Escapade," Roger MacDougall includes a stage direction: "It is clear that John has the characteristic of launching into violent, polemical, dogmatic utterances whenever a subject presents itself. He enlarges on life." That, in effect, was a Shavian habit as well. I wondered casually for a moment, while listening to "Carrington, V.C.," at the Westminster, how Shaw would have treated the theme; and I decided that he might have fixed on the matter of Army pay and become polemical and dogmatic about it to his heart's content.

Major-General and Mrs. Campbell Christie, joint authors of "Carrington, V.C.," have cared less for didactic drama than for the pleasure of telling a straight theatrical story. There is material here that could have been shaped in half-a-dozen ways; wisely, the dramatists have kept a strong narrative, made all the stronger by its uncommon setting, in and about a court-martial in a Royal Artillery barracks (the place is labelled Crayshot). This piece could have been dogmatic and excitable about court-martial procedure, military discipline, and so forth. Not a bit of it: the plot is the thing: the record of "Copper" Carrington's misadventure, the reason why he took the regimental funds—this is one of the charges on which he is tried—and the entirely scandalous behaviour of his wife, a woman with as much simple charm as a serpent.

Maybe the wife's character is exaggerated. She is a double-demon of a woman, fit to stand by—let us say—the schoolmaster's wife in "The Browning Version." But the Christies need a woman of this type, for her evidence is the core of the play: one of two scenes that turn "Carrington" into the most theatrically tense drama in London. And I emphasise the word "theatrically." This is a play for the stage (though I have no doubt that its text is worth reading).

As with any tale that depends upon a trial scene, I cannot speak much of the plot. To disclose it in detail would be a crime against future playgoers. It is impressive to watch how the dramatists build the character of the accused Major Carrington; at the end of the night we feel that we know him, and his unhappy affairs, closely, and can peer into his mind. The scenes at the tribunal are the most searching. Intervening "lobby" scenes, though needed for the development of the plot, persuade us less. But the drama throughout is a clever exercise in suspense. The authors fire both barrels, for even if a listener is shy of accepting the Carringtons, he is unlikely to reject the expertly-wrought "document" of the court-martial.

Alec Clunes is a wise choice for Carrington. He can fix belief in the man's past. He has dignity and he has charm. And, where required, as in the cross-examination (a blistering affair) of a poisonous Colonel, he can speak with piercing effect. Carrington, presented unwarily, might turn to a mere cardboard silhouette: there is some affinity between him and the Adelphi heroes of a distant past. Not that we think of this at the Westminster. It says a great deal for the dramatists, for the actor, and for the whole manœuvreing of the play, that we accept the Carrington business as if we had happened, indeed, to be privileged spectators at an actual court-martial. This is what used to be called a Slice of Life: here a slice that few have had a chance to observe.

A layman cannot speak with authority of the court-martial procedure. Still, the scenes have a sharp "documentary" bite. It must always be enjoyable to hear somebody's "shop," to watch in the theatre a new set of wheels going round. And the cast, under Charles Hickman, aids us with enthusiasm: the President of the Court (Arnold Bell), who must

have his mild difference with the Judge Advocate (John Garside); the prosecuting officer (Mark Dignam), metallic in court, human out of it; the ubiquitous bombardier (Victor Maddern), who seems to be a character that Dickens might have enjoyed; everyone, in fact, including Carrington's remorseless, selfish wife (Rachel Gurney) and the W.R.A.C. officer (Jenny Laird), who is the least clearly-defined figure in the piece.

I read that phrase in surroundings very far from the London theatre. It was a morning of strong sunlight on the green waters of a Cornish bay. Across the bay the "cliff castle" of Trelyn Dinas lifted its crags, the heat-haze trembling about them. And far off, twenty miles in the distance, was the long, bluish blur of coast that a powerful telescope converted miraculously into cliffs, coves, sands, houses (and one house, in particular, that I had known since infancy). That was the Lizard peninsula; and it was strange to look so intimately into England's farthest south (the lighthouse was there, poised in gleaming white) from a point, on the cliffs of Porthcurno, very close to England's farthest west.

Land's End was only a few miles off. In this remoteness what place could the theatre have? A surprising place: that evening, when the Lizard light cut across the horizon, we sat in the Minack Cliff Theatre at Porthcurno and heard a Cornish company in Norman Nicholson's verse play, "Prophecy to the Wind."

I have described the Minack before in *The Illustrated London News*. During the 1930s, Miss Dorothy Cade and her helper, Mr. Billy Rawlings, began to carve it from the cliff-face. Two years ago Miss Cade presented it to the Cornwall Council of Social Service, and each summer now it is richly in use. It is strange to sit there, on one of the granite terraces, while light ebbs from the Porthcurno bay and its three beaches; the outline of Trelyn Dinas crumbles into haze; and the sea sucks around the "fishing rocks" beyond and below the Minack stage (held in converging floodlights).

In such a setting as this a play would have to be extremely tedious to fail, though I admit that (whatever the piece) one's attention must be divided between the outer setting and the Minack stage itself. The "mimes," as Sir Max Beerbohm insists upon calling them, must have the sternest competition.

The most recent Minack play, "Prophecy to the Wind," is by a West Cumberland author, Norman Nicholson. He pictures a time in the future when Britain, atomically destroyed, has reverted to the Viking period. "Into this society suddenly is projected by a kind of freak of time in a serial universe, a young man whom we recognise as contemporary with ourselves." The scene should be the north-west coast of England—Mr. Nicholson is loyal to Cumberland—but Mrs. Frances Collingwood Selby, the Cornwall County Drama Adviser, who produces it, has unlocalised it for its Minack revival.

As a play it is not very inspiring, though no doubt it flowers on acquaintance. The dramatist's heightened speech is self-conscious; it is only now and again that a phrase does take the mind: "I'll break off flakes of sun, blue cracks of sky, and hang them in the lobbies of dark woods," or "Great bird-nests of brick where the hawk was hatched that cracked the world in its claws." The largely Cornish cast, under Mrs. Selby's accurate direction, had the benefit of one professional, Robert Welles (with his Old Vic experience) to play the stranger, John, projected into the future, only to die by a thrust from an Icelandic pirate. Mr. Welles's vigour and imagination kept the play going; Peggy Jenkins, of St. Agnes, brought high intelligence to Freya, the girl of the future; and Mr. Nicholson would have been grateful for the cast's eager understanding.

It was exciting to walk back, after the performance, with a moon-streak on the sea, the sword of the Lizard swinging far off, the cliff-turf cushioned to one's feet, and voices fading into the Cornish night as the last headlamp beams glinted for a moment upon the hillside and left Porthcurno remote beneath the moon.



"A FEW HOURS IN THE LIFE OF AN EMINENT FORGER": "THE MAN WITH EXPENSIVE TASTES" (VAUDEVILLE), A SCENE FROM THE NEW CRIME-PLAY BY EDWARD PERCY AND LILIAN DENHAM SHOWING (L. TO R.) MR. ONYX (PETER BULL); MAURYA GROGAN (TONIE MACMILLAN); ALFRED ORD (PHILIP STANTON); SYLVESTER ORD (GEORGE CURZON—WITH HEAD ON CUSHION); SANDRA ORD (RUTH TROUPER); YRENA FERRARI (CONSTANCE WAKE); NOEL FORDER (MEADOWS WHITE) AND JOHN HASTINGS (NEIL HALLETT). SYLVESTER ORD HAS HAD HIS HAND SLAMMED IN THE SAFE DOOR BY HIS ADOPTED DAUGHTER, YRENA FERRARI, AND JOHN HASTINGS IS TELEPHONING FOR THE DOCTOR.

"Carrington, V.C." ought to run and run. Personally, I am glad that the authors refrained from hammering at some theory or other, turning their exciting theatrical drama into an obvious play-with-a-purpose. We can deduce various things from it for ourselves. The dramatists are content to leave it to our judgment. No "violent, polemical, dogmatic utterances" here.



"A PLAY ABOUT A MILITARY COURT-MARTIAL THAT MANAGES TO BE AT ONCE A DETAILED 'DOCUMENT' AND A VIVID HUMAN NARRATIVE": "CARRINGTON, V.C.," A NEW PLAY BY MAJOR-GENERAL CAMPBELL CHRISTIE AND MRS. DOROTHY CHRISTIE AT THE WESTMINSTER THEATRE, A SCENE SHOWING (L. TO R.) MRS. CARRINGTON (RACHEL GURNAY); MAJOR J. P. MITCHELL, M.C. (JOHN WOOD); MAJOR C. O. P. CARRINGTON, V.C., D.S.O. (ALEC CLUNES); MAJOR A. T. M. BROKE-SMITH (LIONEL JEFFRIES); LIEUT.-COLONEL B. R. REEVE, M.C. (PHILIP PEARMAN), AND MR. A. TESTER TERRY (JOHN GARSDIE).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

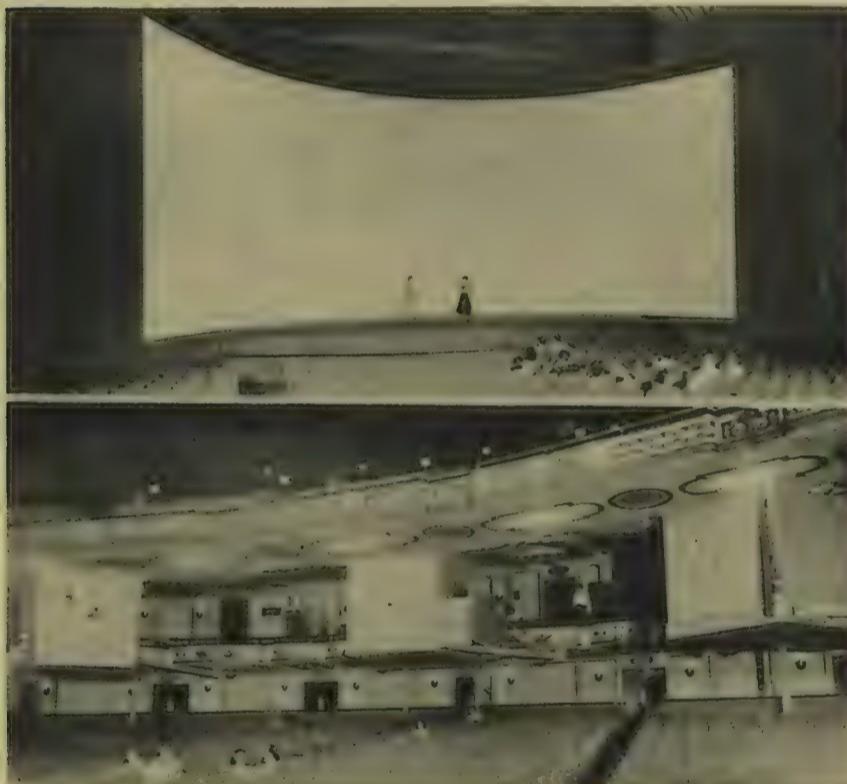
"PROPHECY TO THE WIND" (Minack, Porthcurno).—Norman Nicholson's vision of the future, revived in the magnificent setting of a Cornish cliff-theatre hewn from the granite of Penwith. (July 27.)

"CARRINGTON, V.C." (Westminster).—Major-General Campbell Christie and Mrs. Dorothy Christie have devised a play about a military court-martial that manages to be at once a detailed "document" and a vivid human narrative. It is produced by Charles Hickman and has Alec Clunes, an actor both powerful and sensitive, to fill out the part of the accused Major. (July 28.)

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE: COMEDY, DRAMA AND A CIRCUS TURN IN THE MOUNTAINS.



HIGH-WIRE ACROBATICS IN THE BAVARIAN MOUNTAINS: TWO VIEWS OF A BREATHTAKING DEMONSTRATION BY THE TRABER TROUPE OF ACROBATS, WHO DISPENSED WITH A SAFETY NET AND GAVE A PERFORMANCE ON A ROPE 273 YARDS LONG, STRETCHING FROM THE ZUGSPITZ PEAK STATION TO THE STATION ON THE WESTERN PEAK, WHICH WAS WATCHED BY A LARGE AUDIENCE.



CLAIMED TO BE THE BIGGEST CINERAMA SCREEN IN USE: THE STAGE OF CHICAGO'S PALACE THEATRE AND (BELOW) THE THREE PROJECTION BOOTHS.

For the public exhibition of the film, "This Is Cinerama," a curved screen 76 ft. wide and 26 ft. high,

claimed to be the biggest Cinerama screen in use, has been installed at the Palace Theatre in Chicago.

The film was made by cameras with three lenses and is projected from three projectors simultaneously.



THE CENTENARY OF THE SMALL ARMS WING, SCHOOL OF INFANTRY, AT HYTHE: INSTRUCTORS IN PERIOD UNIFORMS DURING THE CELEBRATIONS ON AUGUST 5.

The Small Arms Wing, School of Infantry, Hythe, has recently been celebrating the centenary of the founding of the establishment as the School of Musketry, Hythe. On August 5 the general public were able to see something of its activities and instructors of the Small Arms School Corps in period uniforms demonstrated the stages of development of the British Army's rifle.



THE RUNAWAY: SMALL CRAFT TRYING TO CLOSE WITH A PILOTLESS SPEEDBOAT IN THE MISSISSIPPI AFTER THE OWNER HAD GONE OVERBOARD.

Recently Mr. Z. B. Hurt was starting up his motor-boat in the Mississippi, near the Golden Eagle Ferry crossing, when he fell overboard and the pilotless craft went round in circles for twenty minutes. Other boats closed in on the runaway, which was eventually boarded and stopped before it could damage itself or ram other boats in the vicinity. Mr. Hurt swam ashore.



A NEW WING SHAPE IN THE WORLD OF AERONAUTICS: THE NEW ALL-METAL AIRCRAFT

PRODUCED BY THE CUSTER CHANNEL WING CORPORATION OF MARYLAND, U.S.A. This 2-ton aircraft produced by the Custer Channel Wing Corporation recently made its maiden flight at Oxnard, California. It became airborne after only a 100-ft. run and made a power-off landing at under 40 m.p.h. The aircraft circled a five-mile course at an altitude of 1000 ft. before landing.

It will have further flight tests before being demonstrated to the Press.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

REALLY the high-falutin critic has an easy time. For him there is no double standard; novels are either art and good, or non-aesthetic and dismissible. And if we take that view, "The Mustard Seed," by Vicki Baum (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), becomes quite simply a bad book—a muddled, ludicrous concerto on the tongs and bones. In fact, it is a bad book anyhow. In modern fiction, the saint is always cropping up and just as regularly a miss-fire; but here his imbecility surpasses. This time he is a shepherd-healer from the Dolomites. Rick Fielding III. made his acquaintance in the war, and has now sent for him as a last hope. For Rick's young brother Toni suffers from mental black-outs; he has been tortured by psychiatrists for years on end, but the fugues still go on—and who knows what they may conceal? So Rick cries out for help; and the young bearded saint flies to the rescue. "Hiya, you old sonofabitch. You need me, I come. I ask my Father and He bid me go. So it must be."

And so indeed it is: "basic" American, larded with biblical simplicities and colloquies with a Supernal Voice, which can't manage its thees and thous. Giano, the shepherd sage, plunges head-on into the Great American Neurosis, and has immediately a howling vogue. He is the "mysterious miracle man," puffed or derided by the Press, mobbed by the sick, offered the leading part in a new film, and, we are told, working uncounted cures. Though we don't see the cures; instead, we get the "case reports" on a whole series of irrelevant or background figures. There is the stupid negro boy ("idiopathic epilepsy"), the film-star ("drug addiction"), the travelling salesman ("impotence"), the weak young student ("homosexuality"), and other squalid histories of maladjustment. Some, Giano is reported to have cured; others he muffs with circumstance, in full divan. And thus the tale proceeds—saving for a *bonne bouche* the case of Toni and his nymphomaniac twin. Here Giano registers his crowning failure. But he is unperturbed; after the worst has happened, he observes cheerfully that, "Now there's some order in all these things again. For a while it was quite a muddle." Which may be philosophical and sound—but if so, was his journey really necessary?

Yet this crude patchwork of a story, nonsense, vulgarity and all, is not just simply a bad book. It has the first of merits, to begin with; it is immensely readable. It is projected on a lavish scale, and the neurotic theme fairly abounds in instances, varied and brilliant if not new. There is intensity as well, and a fine burst of melodrama to end up with.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Undefended Gate," by Susan Ertz (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), is all sobriety and concentration. The subject is a conflict between man and wife. Walter and Beatrice are happy, they are middle-aged, they have two nearly grown-up children. But they are not instinctively in tune. Walter is cruelly vulnerable and reserved; he loved his mother to fixation-point, and when she died his frigid agony of grief tormented Beatrice out of the house—to spend three days with an old wooer. That was twelve years ago; Walter forgave in theory, but it still gnaws. And there is still a burden on her mind; for, to protect a dear friend who was not to blame, she let him pick on the wrong man. One day he must be told; and yet, such is his nature and rigidity, and his ideal view of the marriage tie, she can't help dreading the effect.

And rightly so; for he retires into impenetrable dungeon, and will hardly speak. And he is still not speaking when Mrs. Chadwick, the widow of his unknown Cousin George, arrives in London with her boy. Since these Canadian Chadwicks are his only kin, Walter has felt a duty to provide for her, and he now sees it will be pleasant. Alice immediately pervades the house; she has a firm and cosy charm, and, as it were, a lien on his boyhood. And meanwhile, Beatrice is called to Africa, to her sick mother.

Then comes a time of revelation. For there is more in Alice than appears; and there are possibilities in Walter he has never guessed.

One might define this as an "ordinary novel," but for its smooth and sympathetic tone, its quiet intelligence of feeling, and, in short, its truth:

"Patience," by John Coates (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), is the delicious comedy of a good wife—a faithful Catholic into the bargain—and her discovery of Sin. Patience has never much believed in Sin: because, though naturally it is wrong to stray, it cannot possibly be fun. This she has learnt, from seven years with an attentive though bewildering mate. She is as happy as the day is long, likes nearly everyone, adores her babies and her sister Helen—while as for Edward, she is married to him. Therefore, it is her duty to submit; and she has found it simplifying to a degree. All would go on being well, but for her strange experience in Philip's flat. But then she sees the point: and almost instantly, without the slightest wavering in faith, decides on Sin and Hell.

However, there is much to come. The plot is intricately funny, Patience a double-thinking angel child, and the whole manner a delight. But, above all, the sex is chemically pure of guilt. This is so rare that it is like a streak of genius.

"Poison in the Shade," by Eric Benfield (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), proves, once again, the fascination of reality. Its scene is a big mental hospital. Pinkie, the privileged, obliging chronic, has a part-time job cleaning the chicken-houses, with Mouldy's intermittent aid. Out in the world, Miss Mould is an invaluable secretary with a quelling eye; Pinkie, and nearly everyone, she scorns—yet it is Pinkie, so reliable and quiet, who starts the project. What about making a few jars of nightshade jam? The hedge is full of fruit; down here they have a shelter-hut and an old stove, and, indeed, everything but sugar. . . . The jam being made, Pinkie insensibly retires; he had no actual use for it. Nor had Miss Mould in the beginning. But as the stuff is there, she feels it ought not to be wasted.

This tale has neither mystery nor thrills. It moves, quite openly and slowly, to a flattish end—but it is also plausible in the extreme. And the effect is at once grim and gay, anti-climatic and absorbing.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE BEST OF WEST—AND EAST.

ENGLISHMEN in general, and Londoners in particular, are accustomed to taking their greatest institutions and monuments very much for granted. It has taken Coronation year and a dramatic appeal for a £1,000,000 fund for the purpose of urgent restoration to remind us of the existence of Westminster Abbey, and few of us, I am afraid, could claim to satisfy the examiners if the Dean and Chapter were to set us even a quite elementary paper on its history and treasures. But it is perhaps a pity to import this pedagogic flavour into a review of Mr. Lawrence Tanner's finely-illustrated work on "The History and Treasures of Westminster Abbey" (Pitkin Pictorial Ltd.; 17s. 6d.). Mr. Tanner is one of that rare group of scholars who possess the art of giving information without being didactic or dry-as-dust, and of handling a romantic theme without reducing it by pedantry or inflating it by hyperbole. "Why," is a question I might read, "is the Abbey known as a Royal Peculiar, and what do you understand by this term?" That in itself would be enough to send most of us to the bottom of the class. It means, in fact, that the Dean and Chapter owe no ecclesiastical obedience to any superior except to the Sovereign as Visitor—a nice little reminder to those who imagine that the Royal supremacy is now a dead letter. As to the structure of the Abbey, it is, I suppose, fairly well known that only the foundations still show traces of the original Abbey church founded by Edward the Confessor, and that the main Gothic building was erected by Henry III. Many, however, still believe that the two towers are the work of Christopher Wren, who was indeed Surveyor to the Fabric for about twenty years and did much to preserve the Abbey from the ruin which threatened it, but did not venture into the Gothic style, for which he can have had but little sympathy. All he could find to say of Henry VII.'s Chapel was that it was "a nice embroidered work." There will always be passionate dissension between those who would clear the Abbey of its collection of monuments, and those who would preserve them with pious care as part of the nation's history. I have myself no great regard for the more exuberant tombs of the eighteenth century, and Poet's Corner reminds me of the Piccadilly Tube during rush hour. But I only mention these things so as to be able to record that here is a book which, with admirable dexterity, contrives to offend no susceptibilities, be they religious, historical or aesthetic. It is astonishing, too, that so magnificent a publication could be produced at so low a cost.

"Understanding the East" is, upon the whole, an unrewarding pastime. It is achieved as little by those who paddle about in the shallows of Buddhist mysticism as by those who propose to bestow culture and enlightenment through the somewhat dubious specifics of secondary education and parliamentary democracy. Mr. Austin Coates, I am happy to say, comes into none of these tiresome categories. His "Invitation to an Eastern Feast" (Hutchinson; 21s.)—not a very good title—is as rich in humour as in courtesy, in shrewd observation as in deference to his Eastern hosts. If anyone had told me yesterday that I was going to recommend, without qualification, a book by a man who went about clad in a *dhoti*, my rejoinder might have been sharp. But when Mr. Coates tells me, with accuracy and enjoyment, exactly how that curious garment is tied, I cannot help entering into the spirit of the thing. How good, too, is his short section on "non-resistance and Chinese politics"; it should be duplicated and handed to every representative in U.N.O. Here at last is a book on India and the East which is really worth while.

Mr. Gibney, author of "Five Gentlemen of Japan" (Gollancz; 16s.), is another writer on Eastern subjects who has faced and accepted the elementary but all-important fact that the Eastern civilisations are based upon a system of values which is utterly different from the Western code. He is at his best in describing what he calls the "web society" of Japan, and in estimating what has been the effect of the Communist attack. That attack can be said to have failed, "but," writes Mr. Gibney, "Communism strikes a nation with a double-edge sword. On the one hand . . . it showed itself capable of re-tying the threads of the Japanese web society in a tighter and simplified knot, bound by a totalitarianism harsher than the Japanese had ever known before. . . . Hot and cold, some philosophers feel, are logical identities and the sins of Communism—or the threat of those sins—can produce equal excesses of reaction." No student of the Far East can afford to miss this thoughtful and highly-intelligent account of the Japanese people.

It never does to take the police for granted. Here in Britain, of course, they have long been known as "wonderful"—(can this mean that foreigners are surprised at not being continually stunned by truncheons?)—and even detective fiction has now begun to serve us up suave and courtly inspectors. But in the beginning it was not so—certainly not in France, as Mr. Philip John Stead tells us in his biography of "Vidocq" (Staples Press; 12s. 6d.), an escaped convict who became Chief of Police in Paris of the early nineteenth century. Mr. Stead describes his hero as a

"picaroon of crime." Though I would hesitate, if hard-pressed, to give any very exact definition of the word "picaroon," I see exactly what Mr. Stead means. He "mentions his virtues, it is true, but dwells upon his vices, too." In spite of the publisher's blurb, the latter seem to have been much the more numerous. In fact, Vidocq was an old ruffian, whatever the *Era* may have said in 1845, with its fulsome references to the "intellectuality which distinguishes the fine manly countenance of this wonderful individual." Mr. Stead has given us plenty of blood and not a little thunder.

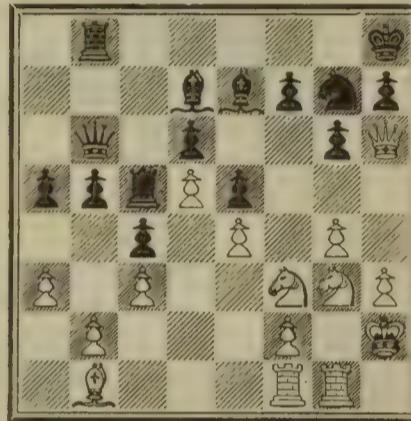
Mr. Vladimir Krymov has collected in "The Impenitent Midge" (Bodley Head; 12s. 6d.) a number of his own *obiter dicta*, many of them revealing a crassness which I can only describe as compelling. "Civilisation," Mr. Krymov tells us, between two emphatic asterisks, "is equivalent to the books mankind has accumulated." On page 90 he attempts to hamstring me by writing: "To be powerfully attacked, a book must be gifted." But I refuse to be hamstrung. If I had but the space to treat of his book at the requisite length, and with the eloquence which burns within me, Mr. Krymov would feel himself to be gifted indeed.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THREE games in the Cheltenham International Tournament were among the most interesting, as a collection, that I have seen for some time. Here is the brilliant ending of T. Evensen (Faeroes) against P. A. Ursell (Bournemouth) (*Black*).



White here played, very cleverly,

29. Kt-R5! P×Kt

Black was not compelled to take and could have avoided a lot of trouble by 29. . . . R-Ktr; but who could blame him for failing to perceive the full devilry of White's offer?

30. P×P - R-KKtr

31. Kt-Kt5 B×Kt

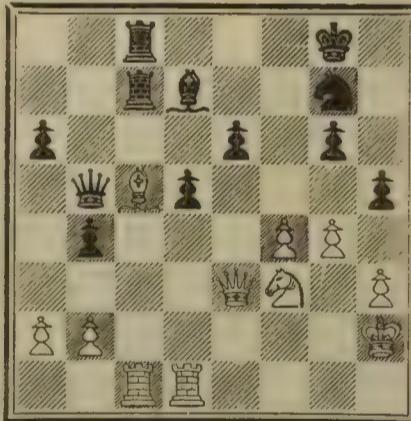
32. R×B P-B3

Hoping for some respite after 33. Q×BP, Q-Qr . . .

33. R×Kt! R×R

34. Q×BP R-B1

The solitary move since he took the proffered knight, on which White has had any option at all. I think 34. . . . K-Ktr might have made things a little harder for White. Now after 35. P-R6, R-KKtr; 36. P×Rch, R×P; 37. R-Ktr, all was over.



R. N. Shinn (v. T. H. Wallis) wound up with

35. B-Q4 R×R

36. Q-K5! R(B1)-B7ch

37. K-Kt3

and Black justifiably resigned, for if 37. . . . Kt-K1, then 38. Q-R8ch, K-B2; 39. Q-R7ch, K-KB1; 40. Kt-Kt5, Kt-Q3; 41. Q-R8ch, K-K2; 42. B-B6ch mates. And if 37. . . . K-B1; 38. Q×Ktch, K-K1; 39. B-B6, Q-B4; 40. Q×Pch, K-B1; 41. Q-R6ch, K-K1; 42. Q×Pch, K-B1; 43. Q-R8ch, K-B2; 44. Kt-K5 is likewise mate.

"picaroon of crime." Though I would hesitate, if hard-pressed, to give any very exact definition of the word "picaroon," I see exactly what Mr. Stead means. He "mentions his virtues, it is true, but dwells upon his vices, too." In spite of the publisher's blurb, the latter seem to have been much the more numerous. In fact, Vidocq was an old ruffian, whatever the *Era* may have said in 1845, with its fulsome references to the "intellectuality which distinguishes the fine manly countenance of this wonderful individual." Mr. Stead has given us plenty of blood and not a little thunder.

Mr. Vladimir Krymov has collected in "The Impenitent Midge" (Bodley Head; 12s. 6d.) a number of his own *obiter dicta*, many of them revealing a crassness which I can only describe as compelling. "Civilisation," Mr. Krymov tells us, between two emphatic asterisks, "is equivalent to the books mankind has accumulated." On page 90 he attempts to hamstring me by writing: "To be powerfully attacked, a book must be gifted." But I refuse to be hamstrung. If I had but the space to treat of his book at the requisite length, and with the eloquence which burns within me, Mr. Krymov would feel himself to be gifted indeed.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



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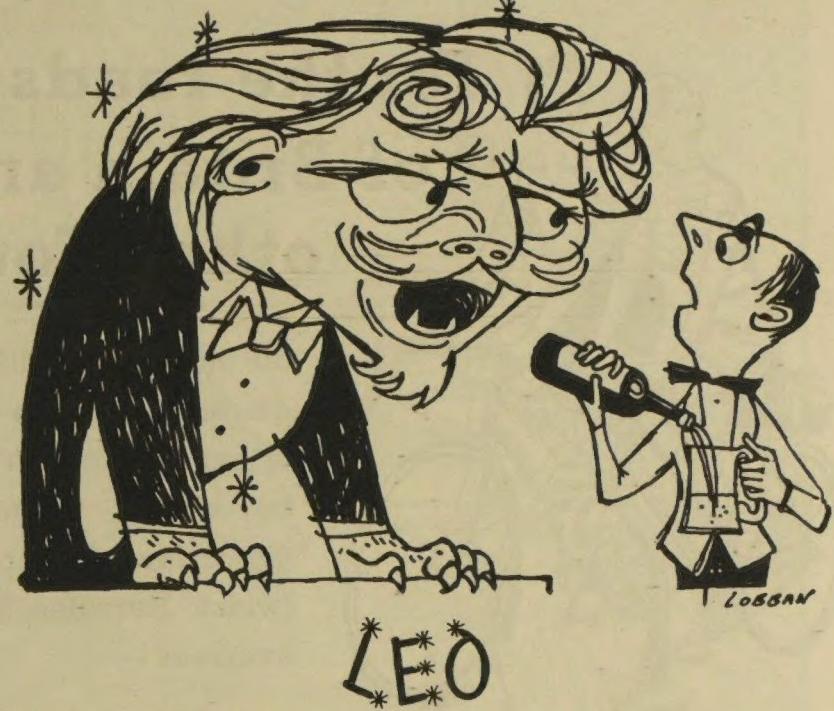
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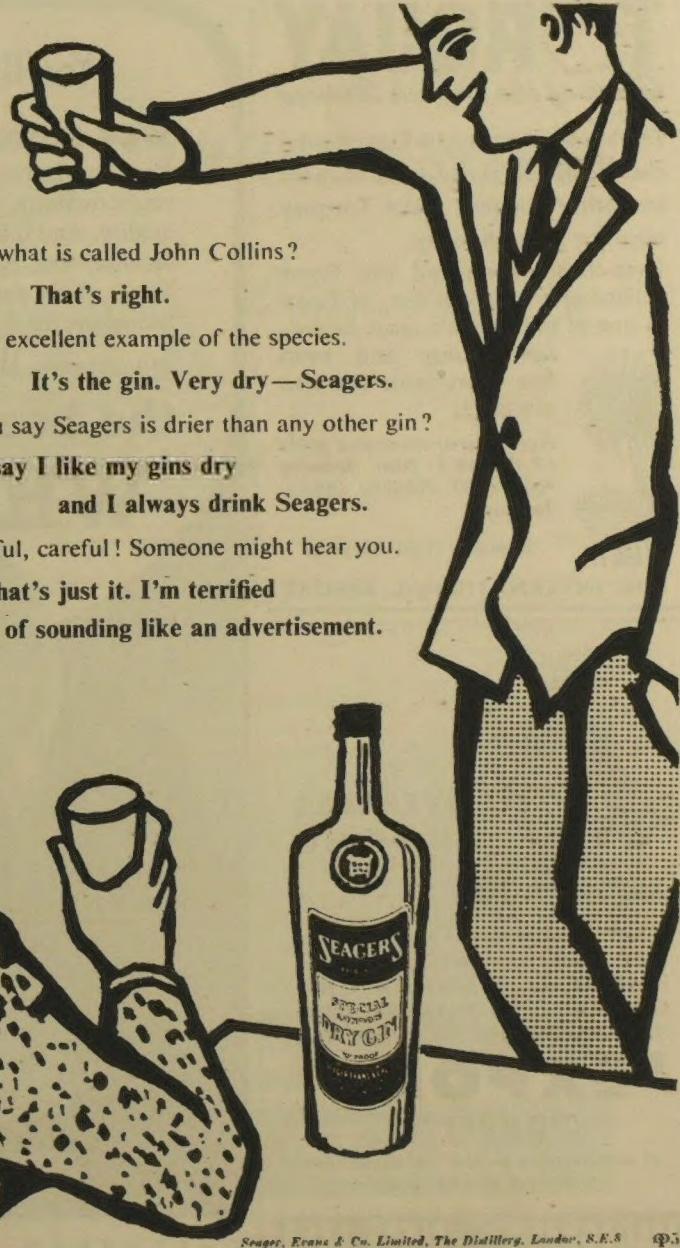


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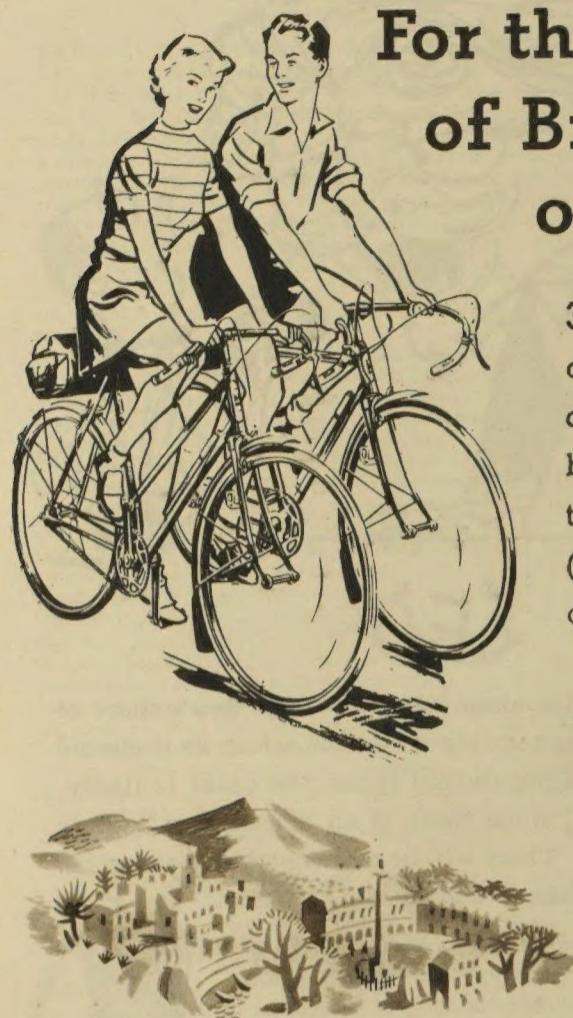
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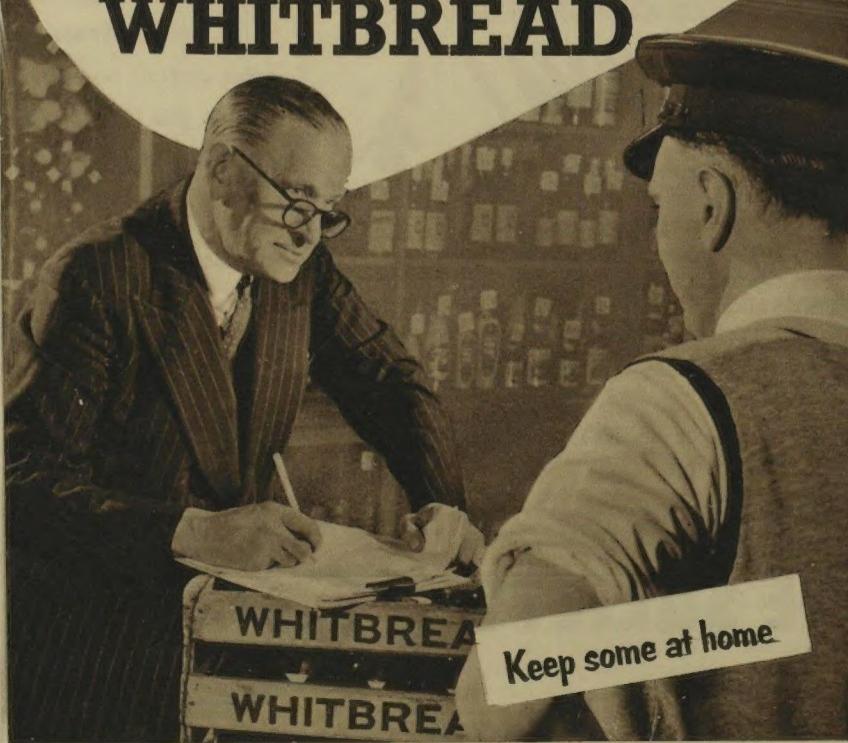
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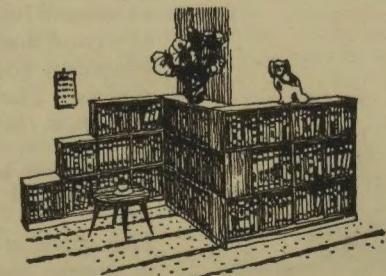
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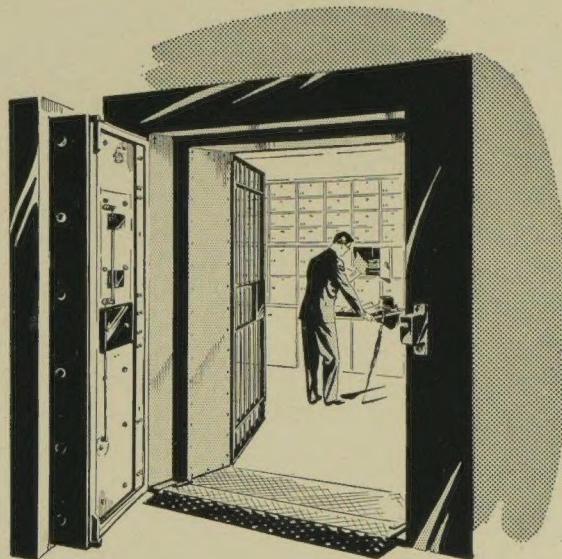
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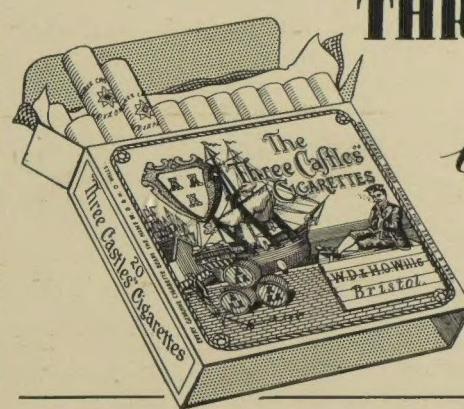
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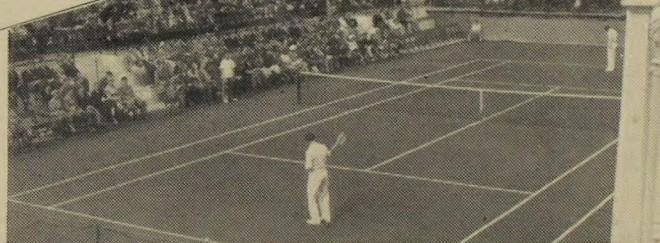
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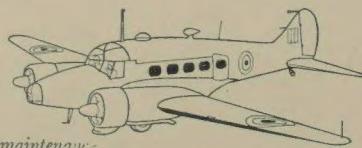
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